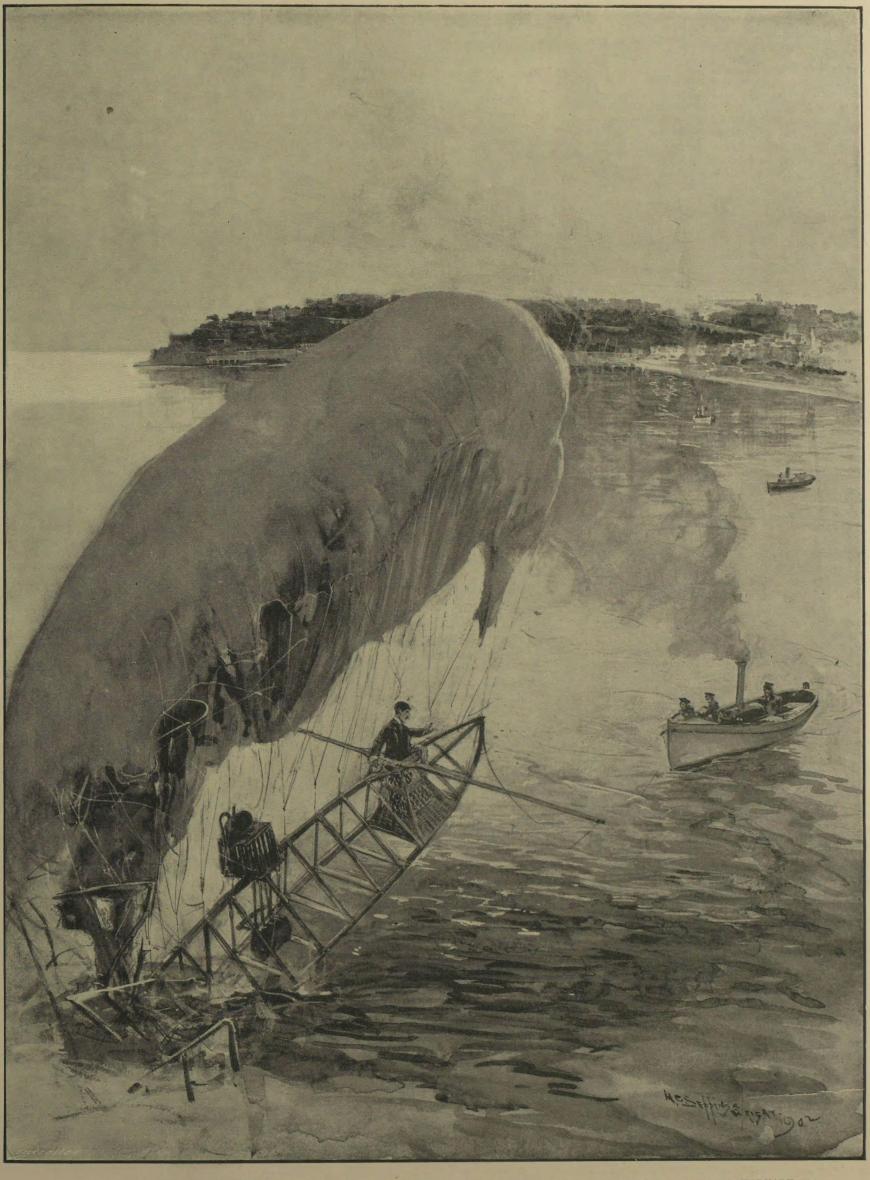
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1902.

WITH FOUR-PAGE SIXPENCE.



M. SANTOS DUMONT'S EXPERIMENTS AT MONTE CARLO.—THE ACCIDENT TO BALLOON No. 6 IN THE BAY OF MONACO ON FEBRUARY 14: THE PRINCE OF MONACO'S LAUNCH RESCUING THE AERONAUT.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKITCH TAKEN AT MONTE CARLO BY SIR WILLIAM INGRAM.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

If the German' journalist had a little humour, he would spare himself a vast amount of trouble. Here is the German Press signalising Prince Henry's visit to America by an attempt to show that England did the United States an ill turn on the eve of the Spanish war. It is a pure fabrication, though that is no drawback in Germany. What the journalists there have not the wit to see is that while they can palm the invention off on their German readers, who are entirely ignorant, they cannot palm it off on Americans who know the true history. Neither the British Ambassador at Washington nor the British Government took any step that was in the least degree unfriendly to the United States. But in Manila Bay Admiral Dewey was forced by German hostility to tell Admiral Diedrichs that if he wanted war he should have it. Every schoolboy in America knows that; but the German journalist has either never heard of it, or imagines that it can be safely ignored under cover of a fable about England.

To the detached observer, this German wooing of America is as amusing as the Boer assumption that President Roosevelt ought to catch Boeritis because of his "descent from the Dutch." The President's book, which I quoted last week, shows that he is proof against cant. If the Boer delegates in Europe had any sense, they would ponder that volume and abandon their illusions. In a passage I did not quote, Mr. Roosevelt says that Cuba shall have "a free and independent commonwealth," provided this is no "menace to the well-being of the United States." For Cuba read the Transvaal, and for the United States read the British Empire, and you have an exact definition and complete defence of British policy. We cannot tolerate Boer independence for the very reason which would make Cuban independence intolerable to Mr. Roosevelt, if he had to face the conditions that confront us. Boer independence is a menace to the well-being of the British Empire; and the hope of the Boer junta that Mr. Roosevelt's "Dutch descent" will blind him to that merely illustrates their incurable folly. As the Americans have a keen sense of humour, the spectacle of Prince Henry trying to make them forget Manila Bay, and of the Boer delegates trying to tack themselves to his coat-tails, must afford infinite

But every American is not a humorist. There is Mr. Wheeler, who represents Kentucky in the House of Representatives. He is a reincarnation of our old friend Jefferson Brick. He shares Mr. Brick's opinion that American citizens have naught to do with princes, except to make them tremble on their iniquitous thrones. When Prince Henry arrives, he ought to be met by Mr. Wheeler, who would address him in these terms: "Young man, you probably expected to be received with ceremony, and even with grovelling homage. You were mistaken. The American people have deputed me to give you a short sketch of our struggles for freedom." The sketch would take about four hours, with no interval for refreshment, and then Mr. Wheeler would perorate thus: "You thought we were a nation of fawning flunkeys. No, Sir! The message of the great American people to you by my mouth is: Go home, and tell your brother what you have heard from me to-day. Tell him to apply our principles of democracy to his benighted country; and when he is plain William Hohenzollern, and you are plain Henry Hohenzollern, we shall be glad to see either of you. But we won't have any princes fooling round this

This appears to have been the spirit of Mr. Wheeler's address to Congress. He demanded that no "fawning flunkeys' should be sent from America to King Edward's Coronation. This must be extremely embarrassing to the organisers of that festival. I never betray confidences, and therefore the reader will understand that the important statement I am about to make has the highest authority. In a recent interview between an Illustrious Personage and the Earl Marshal, the invitations to the Coronation were discussed in alphabetical order. All went well until the conference arrived at "W." Then the Illustrious Personage remarked with his most genial smile: "W. means, first of all, Mr. Wheeler of Kentucky." "I am afraid, Sir," said the Earl Marshal with visible embarrassment, "that Mr. Wheeler will not come." "Not come!" exclaimed the Illustrious Personage. "My dear Earl Marshal, how can we have the Coronation at all without Wheeler of Kentucky?" "I am fully alive, Sir, to that great difficulty," said the Earl Marshal, who seemed to have aged suddenly by twenty years, "but Mr. Wheeler of Kentucky has declared in Congress that no American who would not be called 'flunkey' dare attend the Coronation. In the face of that, to send him an invitation would be useless. I know his stern, incorruptible spirit." The Illustrious Personage sighed, and then said very gravely: "There will be no crowning, Marshal. I shall ask the American Ambassador to invite all our visitors to an 'at home' at the Embassy on the Fourth of July. As for the Crown, you can send it to Wheeler of Kentucky, and ask him to present it with my compliments to a local museum."

The British Museum ought to secure that affidavit of a German waiter which Lord Rosebery read in the House of Lords. This witness affirmed that the officials appointed to buy horses for the British Government in Hungary lingered over the pleasures of the table. especially at breakfast, and bought horses they had already rejected as unfit. Probably that waiter is too severe a censor of manners. His affidavit, at any rate, adds a new terror to travel. foreign waiter is keeping an eye on the innocent British tourist, and noting in black and white his daily entertainment? I call to mind many waiters who have observed me critically at various European hostelries. Suppose they all have affidavits ready for an emergency! Luckily, I have had nothing to do with the purchase of horses, which seems to have a sadly warping effect upon the judgment. The horse is a much-enduring beast; but he is strangely associated both with the misfortunes and with the infirmities of man. A murderer in the eighteenth century remarked in his last dying confession, "I have had a great love for horses, and when that late misfortune began, was on the back of one." Here is a clear imputation that, but for a horse, he would not have been led into crime. Had he owned a motor-car, he might have remained a virtuous citizen.

Lord Rosebery has predicted that motor-cars will race for the Derby. The generation which witnesses that phenomenon will know whether the disappearance of the race-horse means the extinction of betting. A great authority has lately remarked that "without betting horse-racing could not go on." Perhaps it is the nature of the horse to excite this passion for gambling. It is a capricious animal; you never know whether it will win by a nose or ingloriously bring up the rear. Now a motor-car has no nerves; and if you take due care of its works it will do its duty mechanically. When machines run for the Derby, they may not appeal to that emotional interest which finds expression in the "odds." They may generate a higher sentiment, such as possessed the soul of M. Maeterlinck when he took a drive in a motor-car. He had no desire to put his money on any competition; he simply mused in elegant phrases upon the destiny of man as the conqueror of Time and Space. Perhaps Mr. H. G. Wells will tell us that the motor-car will prove a potent agent for the elevation of man in the scale which is to transcend humanity.

Mr. Wells has a fine vision of a future when the human race shall evolve into a condition of being now beyond the reaches of our souls. The sun, he says, will eventually be cold, the earth will become a glacial wilderness, and yet our race will not be extinguished. He has abandoned the view he expounded in the "Time-Machine," where we saw mankind reduced almost to inanition in the eight hundredth century-a flickering burlesque of the survival of the fittest. The argument now is that as it took incalculable ages to produce man, and as man's history as yet is very brief, there is no reason to believe that he represents the culminating point of evolution. He will cease to be man, and develop into a far more glorious state, with the earth as his footstool and his hand reaching to the stars. This process is to be purely scientific, and in no sense a supernatural translation. We may even become incorporeal, and still we shall be mundane. When the sun has gone out, we shall have no temptation to eat the kind of breakfast that prompts a German waiter to file an affidavit. Probably we shall feed on air, "the chameleon's dish." We shall be magnificent, though at present inconceivable. The forecast is impressive; but I suspect that Mr. Wheeler of Kentucky will say that the existing constitution of an American citizen is good enough for him.

In our present stage of evolution the most trivial human endearments have not lost their charm even for the learned. To the list of scientific treatises on the origin of marriage is now added one which seeks to prove that marriage sprang, not from the mutual the sexes, but from their fear of each other. The way of a man with a maid was to avoid her as long as possible, then to ask her father for her hand, and, between the betrothal and the wedding, to treat her with every sign of indifference and even aversion. Courtship and the familiar behaviour of engaged couples seem to mark degeneration from this austerity. I should like Mr. Wells to tell us whether they indicate degeneracy or uplifting in his great scheme for turning humanity into something higher. Then a learned man at Copenhagen has made himself the historian of kissing. He says there is a saying of German women that a kiss without a beard is like an egg without salt. Rosalind, in her very forward epilogue, says she will kiss those men in the audience whose beards please her most. In Elizabeth's day every man wore a beard. Let us be thankful that, in this sense, Shakspere is not for all time.

PARLIAMENT.

The case of General Truman, Director of the Remount Department, was the subject of official statements in both Houses. Lord Lansdowne announced that a Committee of Inquiry would be appointed, without the power to summon civilian witnesses, an omission that excited criticism. Mr. Brodrick said that he had been dissatisfied with General Truman's administration for some months, and that the Commander-in-Chief had invited that official to tender his "provisional resignation." Pending the inquiry, however, General Truman would retain his post with the aid of "an assistant."

The new Procedure Rules continued to afford topics for lively and discursive debate. Mr. Balfour proposed to substitute "adequate apology" for "sincere regret" in the rule requiring an atonement from hardened offenders against the authority of the Chair. To prevent the offender from escaping by resigning his seat and seeking re-election, it is now provided that no application for the Chiltern Hundreds will be granted in such a case for 120 days, equal to an entire Session. This was severely criticised by Sir William Harcourt and others as a Constitutional innovation likely to provoke conflict between the House of Commons and the constituencies. There was animated objection to the rule by which the Chair can suspend a sitting in case of grave disorder, and to the abolition of debate on the first reading of Bills. Many members, without distinction of party, betrayed the greatest aversion to any changes whatever in the old-fashioned routine, but the Government adhered pertinaciously to their plans.

In the House of Lords, a Bill to disestablish the "conscientious objector" to vaccination was defeated, chiefly on the ground that the present law will lapse at the end of next year.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MEMORY'S GARDEN," AT THE COMEDY.

The setting and characterisation of Messrs. Albert Chevalier and Tom Gallon's new play, "Memory's Garden," the first production of Mr. Robert Newman's essay in theatrical management, are just those of an amiable and conventional Christmas-Number story; but their theme, that of a good vicar's soldier son who has betrayed a humble girl and yet proposes to his father's dainty ward, is a painful one which requires a less halfhearted and sentimental treatment than they afford, and is out of accord with the mere prettiness of its environment. The authors, having invented a sort of Pete Quilliam, who acknowledges the child of dubious origin, and is prepared to marry its mother, group their figures with theatrical effect in the first act, procure the vicar's enlightenment in a series of scenes which are highly rhetorical, though too long for anything but a novel, and calmly shelve the whole difficulty of the marriage of the hero and his victim by not bringing this curious married couple on the stage till passages blending idvllic sentiment and farce have almost rung down the curtain. Only one of the play's characters, a misogynist half-blind fiddler, really comically portrayed by Mr. Cheeseman, suggests any observation, or the hand of Mr. Chevalier; the rest, from the amiable vicar who has a past, the description of which converts his son, to the comic-opera-like crowd which takes part ecstatically in Christmas-tree and May Day festivities, are pure stage fantasies. The earnest, if rather monotonous acting, however, of Mr. Mackintosh as the kindly but much distressed vicar; the contrasted prettiness of Miss Daisy Thimm and Miss Norah Lancaster in the rôles of the two girls, and the equally contrasted moods of Mr. Kendrick's careless hero and Mr. Bassett Roe's stern Quixote, go far to furnish the Comedy Theatre with an acceptable entertainment.

THE PROGRAMMES OF THE SUBURBAN THEATRES.

At all the outlying London theatres now, save only at the Britannia, pantomime has departed, and what is called the dramatic season has commenced. This general term, however, has to cover not only the various and more or less legitimate forms of the drama, including that hybrid musical comedy, but also, in addition, grand opera. Thus, at the Camden Theatre this week, the Carl Rosa Opera Company, with a popular programme, is the all-sufficient attraction; while the rival Turner's Opera Troupe is established at the Standard. Musical comedy, as usual, fills a large space in the suburban play-bills, its representatives being "San Toy," at Stoke Newington; "Morocco Bound," at Kennington; "The Girl from Up There," at Clapham; "Florodora," at Balham; and "Kitty Grey," at the Broadway, New Cross. "Kitty Grey," of course, is still running at the Apollo, and two other West End successes are staged this week at suburban houses—"Are You a Mason?" at the Grand, Fulham, and "Becky Sharp," at Brixton. Everacceptable melodrama obtains a footing at the Grand, Islington, where "The Great Millionaire," of Drury Lane, is being presented; at the Coronet, where "The Christian" makes a lurid appeal; and at the Pavilion, E., where there is a revival of "Tommy Atkins." Mr. Martin Harvey, with "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance," is at the Metropole, Camberwell.

THE JAPANESE NAVY.

The strength of the Japanese Navy may be roughly set down as half that of our own; and the fact that this great force owes its existence mostly to English ship-yards and to English gun-works has already been noted as adding to the interest, to the appropriateness, and, we may hope to add, the efficiency of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. The number of additions made recently to the warships of our new ally is another point to be considered. Twenty years ago, when the *Tsukushi*, 1380 tons, and 210 ft. by 32 ft., was turned out at Elswick, a great deal of stir was made. In some quarters the vessel was treated as if it were a toy, and the desire to possess it regarded as a mere whim. But other orders came with other years; and of late the public has become accustomed to read of the launching of this or that leviathan of war in English waters for the service of Japan. In 1900 the *Mikasa*, of 15,000 tons and 436 ft. long, was turned out by Vickers, with formidable Elswick guns, torpedo-tubes, and Krupp armour all to suit. Of the same size were the *Asahi*, turned out from Clydebank, and the *Hatsuse* from Elswick, during the previous year. Also in 1900 came from Elswick the to English gun-works has already been noted as adding the previous year. Also in 1900 came from Elswick, during the previous year. Also in 1900 came from Elswick the *Idzumo* and *Iwate*, 408 ft. in length; and from St. Nazaire the *Azuma*, 446 ft. long. The supply of gunboats, destroyers, torpedo-boats of the first, second, and third class, has kept full pace with that of the great vessels of war. Moreover, in the number and suitability of merchant-vessels for naval service in time of need, Lengt is known to be in a practicularly fortunate position. Japan is known to be in a particularly fortunate position.

THE RECENT FROST.

London has become of late years the despair of skaters in the open; and necessarily the attempts made to be independent of the weather have a very limited scope when confined to the areas of more or less costly skatingclubs. Perhaps municipal action may some day do on a larger scale for Londoners what the proprietors of Niagara and Prince's have done under difficult circumstances for a class. Meanwhile, the London winter of this year has done something to rehabilitate the old reputation of the seasons, and not for a snatched hour merely, but for a succession of days the Round Pond, the Serpentine, the Regent's Park Canal, and suburban haunts such as Hendon Reservoir and Wimbledon Park, have borne their heavy burden of sliders, skaters, and lookers on. At times a heavy burden of sliders, skaters, and lookers-on. At times a heavy burden of sliders, skaters, and lookers-on. At times a little extra zest has been added to the sport by the placing up of notices prohibiting the skating which, nevertheless, was in full motion. Happily, with only two feet of water, no danger attended that uncovenanted-for bath, which is called by reporters in the case of well-to-do people "an immersion," and in the case of the gamin a "good ducking." Fifty people at a time were to be seen wading amid ice-blocks in front of Kensington Palace. In most parts of the country, where skating and sliding have both been vastly enjoyed, the proportion of accidents, and particularly of drownings, has, happily, kept below the normal average.

SMALLPOX IN LONDON.

The Metropolitan Asylums Board continues to wage war on smallpox, keeping under its watchful eye some twelve hundred cases-daily lessened by deaths or discharges of the cured, but daily increased by new arrivals to the number of fifty. The Gore Farm Hospital has the greater number of these afflicted guests; but the hospital-ships hold over one hundred, and the wharf-shelters a smaller number. That the disease has not been allowed to get a grip on any district is evident from the scattered areas which supply patients. One day it is Stepney which leads with ten cases, but close in its wake comes Shoreditch, and prosperous Westminster, and Southwark with its black patches of poverty. Suburbs like Woolwich and Wandsworth and Lewisham do not come off any better than Hammersmith, Chelsea, and Holborn, which, on the specimen day in question all contributed one infected person aniece.

MONARCHS AT THE NEW GALLERY.

Queen Elizabeth Woodville comes first, in order of date, of the portraits reproduced to-day from the Exhibition of Monarchs of Great Britain and Ireland at the New Gallery. The daughter of Sir Richard Woodville, she was the widow of Sir John Grey when she attracted King Edward IV. and became his Queen. In Richard the Third's reign her fortunes failed, and she had to take sanctuary in Westminster. This Queen was one of the founders of the College which now lends this interesting portrait of her. Another Queen Elizabeth is to be seen in the wife of Henry VII., and she holds a rose in her right hand. The eldest son of that King, Arthur, Prince of Wales, was born at Winchester in 1486, amid rejoicings that in him were united, and therefore extinguished, the rival claims of Lancaster and York. As Prince of Wales, he ruled that country from Ludlow Castle, where he lived with his young wife, Katherine of Aragon, and where he untimely died. The picture in which they are here presented was at one time in the possession of Horace Walpole. In the interesting group of Henry VIII., Princess Mary, and Will Somers we have the jester brought into close touch with royalty—an association which was to be closer yet. For Will Somers, who had been jester to Mr. William Fermor when Henry VIII. confiscated his property, was present at the death-bed of his royal master, and let fall hints which touched the King's conscience and caused restitution to be made. Lucas de Heere's contribution to the mysteriously varying group of portraits of Mary Queen of Scots is well known; and Edward Bower's portrait of Charles I. is also a most interesting canvas to compare, and even contrast, with the presentments of that monarch left to us by Van Dyck. Then, again, Claude Le Fevre, as a painter of Queen Henrietta Maria, cannot be ranked with

Van Dyck. All the same, his portrait of her Majesty after a long period of widowhood has in it the elements of a dignity that befits a queen of tragedy. Sir Peter Lely's portrait of Mary of Modena, Queen of James II., recalls the memory of her marriage in Modena by proxy to our future King before she was fifteen years of age. One Sunday night the Duke of York was talking in the drawing-room when the French Ambassador came in and said his proposals had been accepted, and that the ceremony had taken place. "Then I am a married man," exclaimed the Duke, who was eager to hear news of the beauty of the bride. of the beauty of the bride.

The wood-engraving of Lord Dufferin which we published last week was after a photograph by Messrs.

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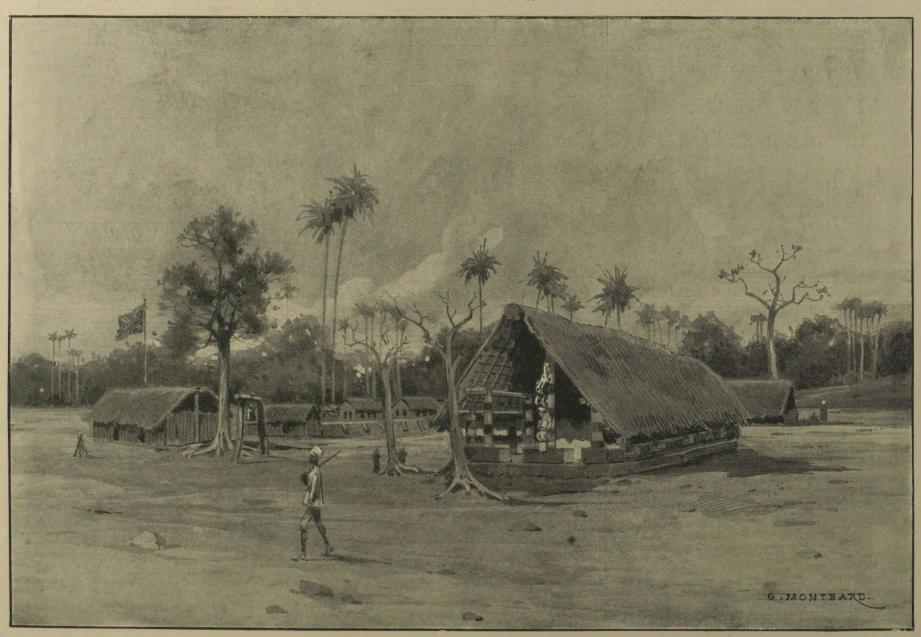
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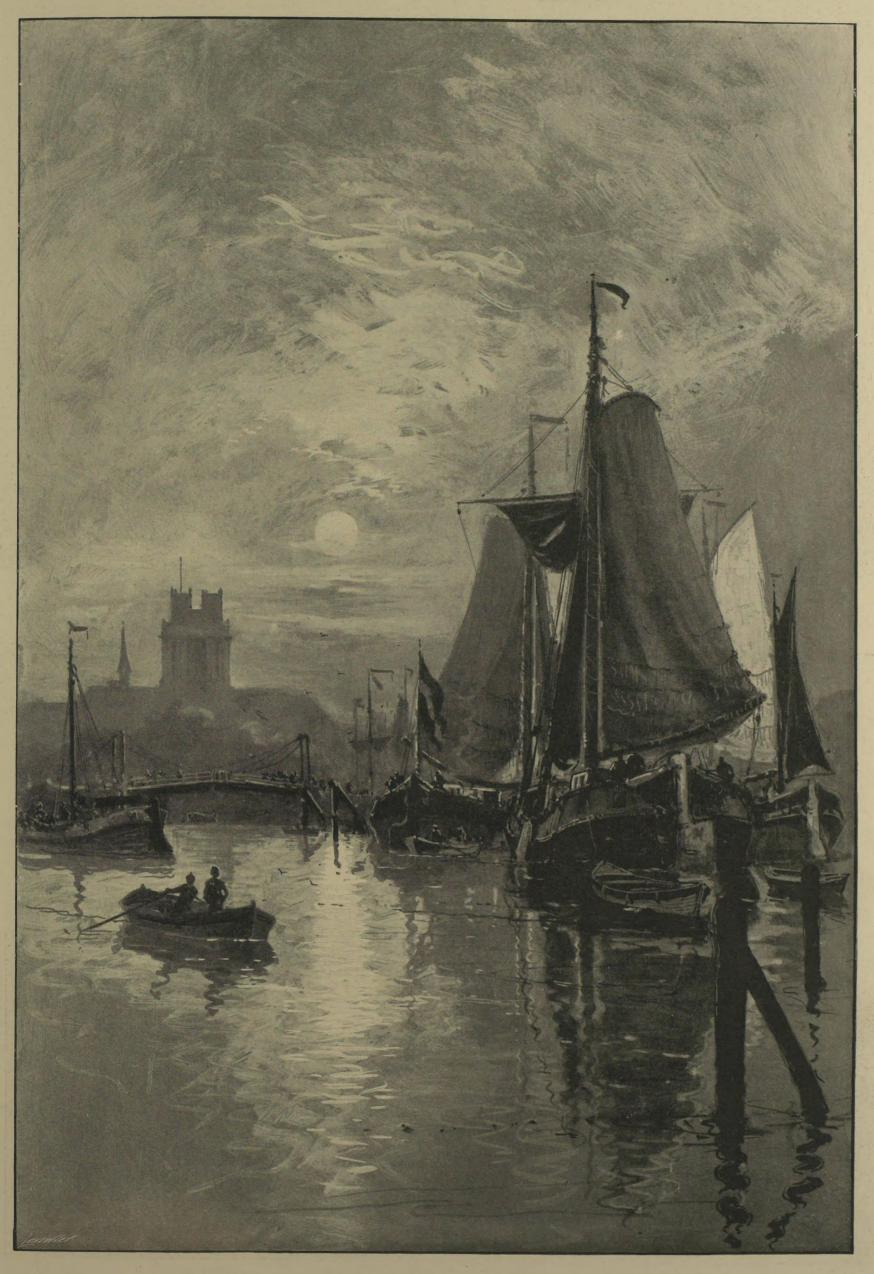


THE GERMAN TRAINING-SHIP "MOLTKE," SENT BY THE KAISER TO BE PRESENT AT DEVONPORT WHEN THE KING LAYS THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE MARINE ACADEMY.

The "Moltke" is a vessel of about 2160 tons burden, ship-rigged, and with a swan bow.



ONE OF THE CHANGES WROUGHT BY THE ARO EXPEDITION: A "JU-JU" HOUSE AT AROCHUKU OCCUPIED BY BRITISH OFFICERS SINCE DECEMBER 23. DRAWN BY G. MONTBARD FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE WEST AFRICAN FIELD FORCE. The house in question is only a quarter of a mile distant from the famous "Long Ju-Ju," the scene of so many horrid orgies.



DORDRECHT, HOLLAND.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DE LACY.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING AT NIAGARA

The presence of the King and Queen gave additional interest to the International Skating Competition held at Niagara on Feb. 13. The royal box was decorated for the occasion with Oriental hangings and rugs. With their occasion with Oriental hangings and rugs. With their Majesties, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark and the Prince and Princess of Wales were also present. The brilliance of the gathering was worthily responded to by the beauty and skill of the performers on the ice. Mr. H. Grenander, a former champion skater, appeared in the middle of the space, opposite to the royal box, to appeared the various opposite to the royal box, to announce the various events, and then, his message delivered, glided backwards with much-admired agility and grace. First came

the free skating by the four championship competitors: Mr. Sal-chow, of Stockholm; Herr M. Gordan, of Berlin; Mrs. Syers, and Mr. H. Torromé the two latter being both of them English members of the Figure-Skating Club. The lady competitor was dressed in a neat black costume trimmed with astrachan. It was a remarkable spectacle, and any particularly successful feat was followed by instant applause, in which Queen Alexandra joined. Mr. Salchow's performance was so marvellous that the general opinion seemed to

award him a renewal of the world's championship for 1902—an opinion which was later officially confirmed. In the pair-skating which followed, Mr. and Mrs. Syers made a capital show, and they won the championship against Herr Gordan and Fräulein Weingärtner, of Berlin. The King, who left the building to the strains of the National Anthem, declared himself much gratified by the triumph of Mr. and Mrs. Syers.

THE REV. DR. BERNARD, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. Installed Feb. 8. award him a renewal

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN THE CITY.

Mr. Chamberlain went on Feb. 13 to the Guildhall to hear from the lips of the Recorder an address from the hear from the lips of the Recorder an address from the Corporation of the City of London expressing high appreciation of his public services, and especially admiration of the manner in which his tenure of the Colonial Office has been marked by a drawing together of the British dominions beyond the seas. Mr. Chamberlain, who was cheered on his way to the City, and cheered when he got there, replied that so generous a recognition fully compensated him for the disappointments and anxieties which must always be inseparable from the discharge of important public services. After a reference to the part played by the City Corporation in the national annals, he said that the two great objects which the Government had in view in South Africa were the unity of the Empire and the establishment of British While there was no truth in the imputation that our policy was one of extermination, he repudiated the idea that we should throw away by negotiation what we had gained by force of arms. After this speech the Lord Mayor, Mr. Chamberlain, and the large party present adjourned to the Mansion House for luncheon. The scene in the Egyptian Hall was a brilliant one; Mr. Pitman's English band made music; and a little further compliment to the guest of the day was, no doubt, intended by the florist, who

gave the orchid a chief place in the decoration of the tables. Mrs. Chamberlain attended to see the triumph of her husband, and among others present were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Mr. Balfour and Miss Balfour, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord Howe, Sir Edward Carson, and a number of members of the Chamberlain family. Mr. Chamberlain, replying to the toast of his own and his wife's health, alluded to the lady's American birth, said that she was now in "the rather unusual position of having two nationalities," but added that "as these are the two whom it is the chiefest added that "as these are the two whom it is the chiefest object of our diplomacy to keep in agreement and in affectionate accord, I hope you will think my wife's position is no disadvantage." Mr. Balfour followed with a speech which paid a tribute to Mr. Chamberlain as one who "had made the British Empire a reality." It was already past four o'clock when Mr. Chamberlain, bare-headed, and bowing in response to the hearty



Photo. Maull and Fox. THE LATE REV. SIR G. W. Cox, BART.,



Mr. A. F. JEFFREYS, Deputy Chairman of the House of Commons

salutations of a large crowd who had long patiently waited during a frosty February afternoon, passed out to his carriage, and was driven to the House of Commons to the refrain of newsboys at every corner, "Chamberlain's triumphant reception in the City.

LAST QUEEN VICTORIA POSTAGE-STAMP.

The twopenny Gold Coast stamp is the last postal frank to be issued with the portrait of Queen Victoria. small quaning to £60 has been

no more will When the reproducewas

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already re-cations for

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Photo. F. P. d'Arcy.



THE GOLD COAST 2D.

the mark. already at a They are very great premium, and will undoubtedly rise considerably in value as time goes on.

THE GREAT FIRE AT WATERBURY, U.S.A.

A disastrous fire which occurred at Waterbury, Connecticut, on the evening of Feb. 2, swept away buildings covering an area of thirty acres. The first outbreak began at twenty minutes past six, and was got under control about ten o'clock, but burning fragments, carried by the severe gale which was blowing at the time, set fire to Scovill House, the chief hotel of the city. The building was soon in ruins. Drizzling rain turning to snow fell during the conflagration, and so intense was the cold that the firemen were almost frozen. Hundreds of persons were rendered homeless, and the damage is estimated at four million dollars.

PORTRAITS.

The Rev. Dr. John Henry Bernard, who on Feb. 8 was installed Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, had occupied the post of Treasurer there since 1897. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he obtained a Fellowship in 1884. Two years later he was ordained a deacon at Limerick, and in 1887 took priest's orders at Dublin. From 1884 to 1887 he acted as Tutor at Trinity College, Dublin, and from 1886 he was Chaplain to the Lord

Lieutenant. In 1888 he received the ap-

he received the appointment of Archbishop King's Lecturer in Divinity.

By the death of the Rev. Sir George Cox, who passed away on Feb. 16, at Ivy House, Walmer, we lose a historian who did much towards making accessible and popular Greek and Roman history. Born at Benares in 1827, he was the eldest son of was the eldest son of the late Mr. George Hamilton Cox, Hamilton Cox, H.E.I.C.S. He was educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he took a second class in

a second class in Literæ Humaniores in 1848, and ten years later his degrees as B.A. and M.A. Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, ordained him deacon in 1850; and a decade later he became Assistant Master of Cheltenham College. His duties in this capacity led Sir George Cox (who inherited his uncle's Baronetcy) to feel the want of books on subjects on which he was himself an authority; and for many years subsequently he devoted his pen to the production of works on Greek and Roman records. He paid of works on Greek and Roman records. He paid much attention to mythology, but his most important volumes were two devoted to Greek history.

Mr. Arthur Frederick Jeffreys, Deputy Chairman of the House of Commons, who has under the new regulations been appointed to exercise in case of need the full authority of the Chair, or even of the Speaker, has represented the Basingstoke Division of Hampshire for the last twelve years. Mr. Jeffreys knows the House of Commons thoroughly, and his appointment was generally approved. He is fifty-four years of age, an old Christ Church man, an athlete, and an authority on agriculture.

PROSPECTING FOR PETROLEUM IN SUSSEX.

Seven years ago, while deepening a well close to the tunnel at Heathfield Station, on the Eastbourne and Tunbridge Wells line, "natural" or "marsh" gas was discovered, and was used, after a time, to light the discovered, and was used, after a time, to light the station with. There was another discovery in a well close by, but on higher ground. Transatlantic enterprise seems now to be planning what may turn out an important development. An American company—the name of Mr. Pierpont Morgan is inevitably whispered in the locality—has appeared on the scene; the gas, from tested samples, is pronounced to be from petroleum; and now the process of boring





hoto. Horner.

THE ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION OF KATHERINE HOWARD'S EXECUTION AT THE TOWER: THE SITE OF THE SCAFFOLD.

is in active progress. It has even come to be assumed that there is a lake of oil, ten miles in extent, under some of the most picturesque country in Sussex. Not to be outdone, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, no longer content merely to use the gas direct from the well, are now erecting a large gas-holder to supply the pumping-engines of the American company, two of which are already in position.

A MONUMENT AT THE TOWER.

In the vault of the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, the Church of the Tower liberty, a tablet was placed on Feb. 14 in memory of Lady Jane Grey and others who were executed within the walls of the Tower on the spot shown in our Illustration. On that historic and melancholy place died Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Katherine Howard, and the unfortunate lady who had the crown thrust upon her to her own undoing. Anne Boleyn was executed on May 19, 1536, by "M. de Calais," who was brought over to perform the dismal duty. Katherine Howard suffered on Feb. 14, 1542; and Lady Jane Grey on Feb. 12, 1554. The three are buried in St. Peter's, as also is Lady Jane's husband, Lord Guilford Dudley. Dudley's execution, however, took place on Tower Hill.

THE LEIGHTON MEMORIAL.

The unveiling of the Leighton Memorial in St. Paul's recalls the occasion when the great Cathedral was thronged by mourners present at his obsequies. It recalls also the fact that Lord Leighton's own handiwork is to be found in the mosaics that decorate the dome of Wren. An accomplished painter, a sculptor of real distinction, a scholar whose versatility was so great as to make him as "various" as Gainsborough declared the work of Reynolds to be, Lord Leighton was also one of the most beloved of men. To the man, as

well as to the artist, was paid the act of homage just witnessed in London's great "Cathedral of the East," where his ashes rest.

A BOER IN A BOX.

A Boer officer, a prisoner on parole at Deadwood Camp, St. Helena, made an extraordinary attempt to escape from captivity on board one of the Union Castle liners. He had himself enclosed in an innocent - looking case addressed to a captain of the 4th Gloucester Regiment, and this was put on board the steamer. That

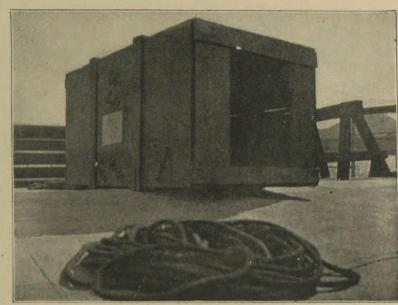


Photo. London Stereoscopic Ca

THE BOX IN WHICH A BOER COMMANDANT ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE FROM ST. HELENA.

the ex-commandant allowed himself no elbow-room is evident from the fact that the case measured 4 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 4 in. It was of three-quarter-inch deal. After three days at sea the man was discovered, and was unpacked in a very thin and shaken condition, declaring that his experience had been worse than a sojourn in the nether regions. He turned out to be Commandant Smonnberg, and on being brought before Colonel Evans, said that he had intended, if he had reached England undiscovered, to get out of the case at night and make his escape to Holland. Before his detection he had once left the box to stretch himself.

THE ACCIDENT TO M. SANTOS DUMONT.

While experimenting in the Bay of Monaco on Feb. 14, M. Santos Dumont met with an unfortunate accident. He was at the time making his fifth trip across the bay in his balloon No. 6, when the guide-rope caught in the screw. With the intention of freeing the entangled tackle, M. Dumont threw his balloon into a perpendicular position, whereupon the petroleum began to escape from his motor. The aëronaut, fearing an explosion, pulled the emergency-rope, tearing a great rent in the silk envelope, and the gas rapidly escaped, causing the balloon to descend into the sea. A steam-launch belonging to the Prince of Monaco's yacht picked up M. Dumont with all possible speed; and the disabled balloon, which did not sink, was taken in tow and conveyed to land.

WITH THE ARO FIELD FORCE.

Colonel Montanaro hoisted the British Flag at Arochuku on Dec. 23, being the first white man to stop there. Arochuku is one of the principal Aro towns, and only a quarter of a mile from the celebrated "Long Ju-Ju." The Ju-Ju house has been made the headquarters of the No. 4 Column, and is very much like other West African houses.

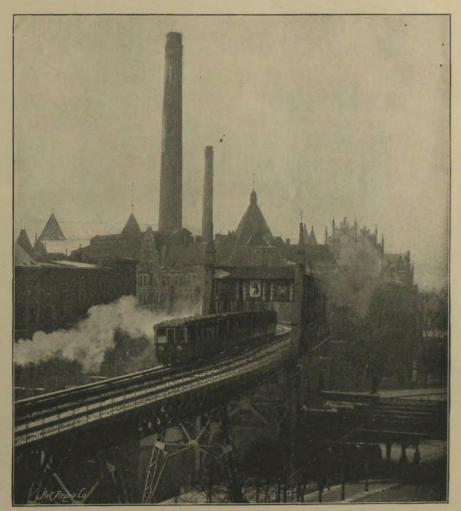


THE BERLIN OVERHEAD AND UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC RAILWAY, OPENED FEBRUARY 15: THE TRACK RUNNING THROUGH A HOUSE.



Photo S. B. Bolas and Co.

THE MEMORIAL TO LORD LEIGHTON AT ST. PAUL'S, UNVEILED BY SIR E. J. POYNTER, FEBRUARY 19.



THE BERLIN OVERHEAD RAILWAY: THE FIRST TRAIN LEAVING THE GENERATING STATION AND PASSING ABOVE THE ANHALT RAILWAY.

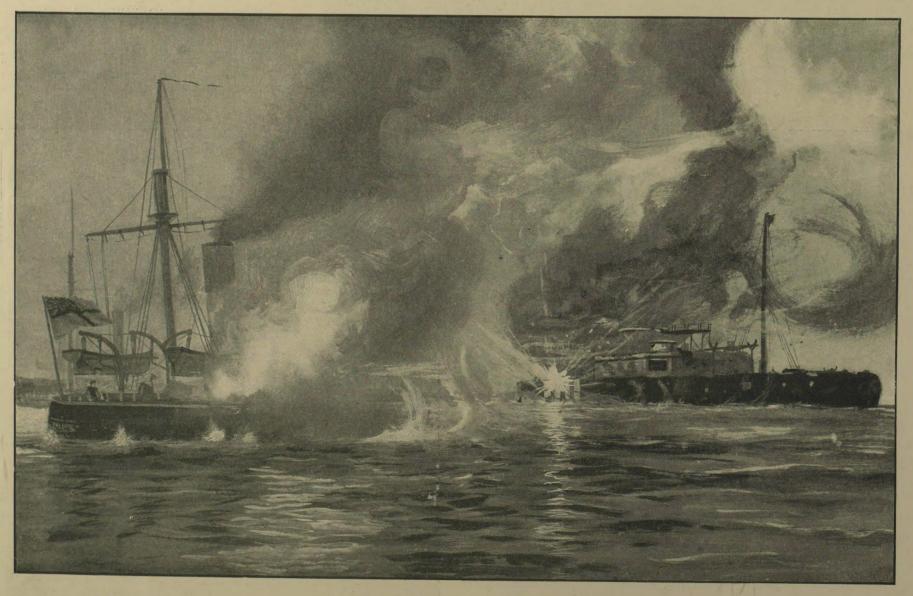
THE NEW GUNNERY EXPERIMENTS WITH THE "BELLEISLE" AT SPITHEAD, FEBRUARY 18.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.



EXPLOSION OF A 9'2 LYDDITE SHELL INSIDE THE ARMOUR.

The violence of this explosion was so tremendous that smouldering pieces of the charge were flung to a distance of two or three miles right and left of the vessel. After this hit, which was at first believed to have blown the ship to pieces, practice was stopped, and the "Belleisle," nearly sinking, was towed back to Portsmouth for examination. This sketch was taken with the aid of a telescope.



THE EFFECT OF A SHELL IN THE COAL-BUNKERS.

Part of the "Belleisle" hulk was built up to represent the modern cruiser, and this was fired at by the gun-boats "Pincher" and "Comet," which began practice at close range and gradually receded.

A peculiar feature of some of the hits was the cloud of black dust emitted from the coal-bunkers.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

[In which are narrated some episodes in the life of a very foolish fellow, Simon Montlibet, commonly known as Simon of York, who was a student of the University of Paris in the year 1480, and thereafter, carrying little from Paris but a cracked crown and the girdle of St. Thomas, came over to the city of Oxford, which treated him very scurvily, as the histories bear witness.]

No. VII.

WHEREIN WE HEAR OF THE LIVING IMAGE.

OBERT OF LINCOLN chanced one day to be passing the shop of Bartolommeo the imagemaker, when he heard a great commotion inside; and stopping to see what the noise was about, he beheld the Italian in angry talk with Bursar Thomas of Merton College. Robert could not hear very much of that which was going on; but the foreigner's violent gestures, and the bland protests with which Bursar Thomas answered them, bore witness to a lively argument. Presently, to the student's great diversion, Bartolommeo took a mallet in his hand and beat into fragments a plaster statue which stood on the bench before him; and having done as much, he betrayed the desire to continue the practice upon the Bursar's worthy pate. It was at such a point that Robert of Lincoln, standing at the door, began to overhear the talk and to ascertain the reason of such a pretty quarrel.

"A fine thing!" cried the little man, snapping his fingers and waving his long arms; "fourteen good shillings—and here I get but three! What treatment is that for an honest man! To the devil with you all, and see what they will charge you there! I'll not be robbed, though your name be Thomas and your brother the Archangel! Come, my master there, bear witness to the wrong. You see how this knave deals with me!"

He turned to the uninvited spectator as though he must be the arbiter, but Bursar Thomas of Merton College, threatening pains and penalties and the Rector's guard, withdrew in high dudgeon and went off to his college. Robert of Lincoln, having nothing better to do, entered the image-maker's shop and sat down to gossip with him

"These fellows are all robbers," said he sagaciously; "they charge us twice for the wine we drink, and then bring us to book for drinking it! A scurvy lot, Bartolommeo. Have nothing to do with them if you would keep good money in your pocket!"

The Italian, regarding with distress the image he had broken in his fury, agreed that this was so.

"He commands me to make nine Virgins for the column of the clerestory, and grumbles at a crown apiece for them! What price is that for a shapely figure, with a halo, moreover! Here he would get his images for nothing and a flask of red wine thrown in. A plague take such a shabby fellow! I would mould him for the devil, and give him hoofs and horns for a bargain! Cospetto! an ugly rogue to bear the name of Thomas! He should be carved to set upon a gibbet!"

Robert of Lincoln, much amused at this outburst, encouraged the angry man in his threats against authority.

"You speak truth, Bartolommeo," said he. "There are many rogues in Oxford, but Bursar Thomas is the father of them all. Taste the wine he sells to Merton, and then see what a wry face you make! 'Tis not a week gone that he had my friend, John of Bristol, mulcted for a paltry tavern brawl in which but two were killed. And now he goes about robbing honest men! 'Tis not to be borne! Were I in your shoes I'd have my money somehow."

Bartolommeo, smiting the bench with a grimy whitened hand, swore that this was logic.

"Nine Virgins, and as many days to mould them," said he savagely. "Is a man to starve because this filchpot likes not their faces? I say that all Oxford shall

know of it! I will write him down for the devil, and mould the tail! You would do the same yourself, young Sir! Nine Virgins—and not more than four alike. Is a Virgin less because you can match her for a crown? Four feet high, and the best plaster! I tell you I'll not suffer it!"

He flung his mallet to the floor, and thrusting his hands into his girdle, stood defiantly as one already fighting battle with the Bursar. Robert of Lincoln, however, delighted with some idea which then came to him, slapped his thigh suddenly and leaped down from the bench.

"Bartolommeo," said he, "hast thou the mind to cry quits with this Thomas?"

"Have I the mind!"

"And could you, were one to give you the order, cast such an ugly figure—but of course you could, of course you could, my Bartolommeo! Let us go to the tavern and speak of it. This indeed is a right good day! The worthy Thomas shall remember it; he shall remember it, as I live!"

Now, Robert of Lincoln remained about an hour with Bartolommeo in the tavern; and when he left him he set out for University College and the chamber of his friend, Simon of York As good luck would have it, he discovered that worthy just about to sit down to his frugal midday meal; and bursting in upon him with little ceremony, he began to speak of a subject which warmed the foolish Simon's heart and caused him quickly to forget his dinner.

"Friend Simon," said the Northman, aping a very humble rôle, "forgive me if I come to you with little ceremony; but that of which I have to speak is a thing so near my own heart that I will make no apology for mentioning it."

Simon, setting his dish upon the hearth again, since his curiosity was greater than his appetite, closed the door carefully and bade Robert speak.

"You are in trouble, Robert," said he; "you have been in some brawl again, and you come to me for counsel. Well, what I can do shall be done. Speak freely, my friend, and hide nothing."

He set stools by the table and prepared himself for some tale of riot and disorder; but when Robert began to speak, his long ears bent to the words and he could scarcely contain himself for gladness.

"What!" cried he at last, "you are willing to join the Order of St. Thomas!"

"Ay, and to wear his girdle, too," answered Robert meekly; "for that I am come to you. There be some, I know, who say, 'This same girdle, when it is filled with sand, is right good on the head of a foeman'; but I will have no truck with such wickedness. Let me, and others of my friends with me, come into your Order, Simon, and you shall never repent the day."

Simon, pressing his lean fingers together and raising his eyes in devout gladness, said that this was a surprise indeed.

"You know," continued he, "that my heart has always been set upon the teaching both of Thomas, the subtle doctor, and of that other who has given us the godly Imitation. Let a man stand with these, and his feet shall never slip, friend Robert! That you and your friends should desire to join me in this great work is, I confess, a reward beyond my expectations. This very

day I will cause girdles to be made and to be given out to you. You shall find in them a help and not a hindrance, Robert; and from this day the tavern shall know you no more!"

Robert of Lincoln, hiding the grimace which for a moment distorted his handsome face, cast a modest glance to the floor, and thanked Simon for his good offices.

"We shall join your Order, and you will find us worthy members, I trust. It has been suggested to me—though who am I to name it?—that the coming in of so many might well be a glad day for you, Simon, and marked with no little solemnity. Indeed, I met one but an hour ago who put it to me that a pilgrimage——"

"Apilgrimage!" cried Simon, enraptured at the idea.
"Ay, a pilgrimage to Osney's Abbey. What think you of that, brother? Let those that wear the girdle come together and keep the Feast at the Abbey shrine. If an effigy of St. Thomas could be carried—"

He paused, as though waiting for an answer; but Simon's delight now brooked no control.

"An effigy!" cried he; "ay, but that is impossible! Where shall an effigy be found? Who will cast it? And yet it is, beyond all, desirable. Nay, Robert, why do you speak of an effigy?"

Robert of Lincoln, with his eyes still downcast to the rushes on the floor, went on to explain his idea more

"Bartolommeo the image-maker is a friend of mine," said he. "There was some little favour—we will not speak of that; but he is well disposed toward me, and will do my bidding. I count him a religious man who might welcome the task I shall propose to him. Speak but the word, Simon, and I will go this day and say: 'For friendship's sake, let the effigy be made.' He will not know how to deny me. Would you not approve of that?"

"Approve of it! Nay, Robert, you send me giddy with delight. A procession to the shrine—the finest fellows in the University at my beck and call—oh, I am doubly fortunate!"

Now, in spite of Simon's incredulity, all was speedily ordered for the great pilgrimage which Robert of Lincoln proposed, and the banner of St. Thomas being made ready, the torch-bearers hired, the sweet singers bespoken, and lastly, the new image put in hand, nothing remained but the coming of the day and the feast which it should celebrate. From this seed of Master Robert's suggestion a whole tree sprang as if by magic. Simon, half believing at first that the thing was impossible, began, anon, to declare that all the University wished it. Go where he would to make converts, the students received him with acclamation. Even priests and professors nodded their head kindly, and said that good might attend the devotion. As for the part which the unselfish Bartolommeo played in this holy work, no words could sufficiently appraise it. Simon went daily to Bartolommeo's shop that he might see how the image was getting on, and every day Bartolommeo showed him an old statue of St. John, and said, "Is it not beautiful?" Knowing nothing of the sculptor's art, and possessing no picture of the saint he loved so well, Simon would agree with Bartolommeo and declare the work a masterpiece. He knew not-how should he?-that another statue, the clay

of which was still wet, the face of which a damp cloth covered, lay snugly hidden where none but the Italian could find it. Unhappy Simon, he dreamed only of his own good fortune! This devotion to St. Thomas was filling the whole University; and who was the author of it? Who preached it? Who practised it? He, Simon of York, upon whom all men gazed with just envy! Unaccustomed notoriety excited him so that he scarcely slept for nights together. The great day was drawing near now. He counted the hours.

St. Thomas's Day, falling upon the seventh of March, brought cold winds and a clear sky to the city of Oxford, Simon of York, peeping out of his window almost as soon as dawn had come, was delighted to see the clear blue of the heavens, and the dusty roads the pilgrims so soon would tread. Giving little thought to his toilet on a common occasion, he dressed now with a scrupulous exactness due to so famous a day. His lank red hair he brushed with loving care; his face he scrubbed until it shone again. Conscious that he would be the observed of all observers, he laboured at his threadbare coat, seeking to give a new gloss to his rusty gown. Little cared he for meat and drink on such a day, or for any bodily necessity. He had so much to do. Oxford counted upon him, he said; she should see of what stuff he was made.

He lingered awhile over his toilet, we say, and it was already late when at last he set out for the Priory of St. Frideswide's. He had looked to find sober faces in the streets, men going devoutly to the rendezvous, some with eyes cast down, some with missals in their hands. You shall judge of his astonishment, then, when, instead of this meek spirit, he observed, so soon as he quitted University College, a general air of hilarity which he could not by any means account for. Rollicking groups of noisy students, linked arm in arm, went rolling towards St. Frideswide's, a merry catch upon their lips. From distant streets came raucous cries, the blowing of horns, and the beating of drums. By here and there a horseman passed him, rolling in his saddle with laughter. The bells of the churches were ringing indeed; but Simon remembered that it was the daily call to Mass, and not to pilgrimage. Already some fearful suspicion came to mock his hopes and to torment him.

Where, then, were his children of the Girdle? Where stood Robert of Lincoln and John of Bristol, and those who were to carry the image? Simon asked of many, but none could tell him. The words the stranger spoke were an enigma beyond his understanding.

"Hasten," he cried, "or it will be broken!"

And others added—

"They have sent for the Rector's guard! Blood will be shed this day!"

Simon could not at all understand what was to be broken, or why the Rector's guard should be called out to prevent such a calamity. The further he went the greater became his perplexity. Whatever was going on, St. Frideswide's Priory evidently was the scene of it. Anon, he approached that great church and found himself upon the outskirts of a merry throng gathered about an uplifted image. This he surely believed to be that effigy of St. Thomas which Bartolommeo the image-maker had so generously cast for him; and while the hilarity of the idlers seemed to him greatly out of place, he took heart, nevertheless, and pushed himself forward valiantly.

"My masters," said he to those near by him, "I am somewhat late, yet that is a little matter. Yonder, I doubt not, the bearers wait for me. If any of you be over strong, let him go forward and tell Robert of Lincoln that I come. We are to be at Osney by midday, and now is the time to set out."

They greeted him uproariously, crying, "Ay, it is the hour!" while one said, "An your Thomas does not march right quickly he will burn like any heretic!"—a saying which the foolish Simon could by no means understand. On his part, he believed that the pilgrims awaited him on the far side of the press, and he continued to ask that he might pass. Presently some merry fellow lifted him by the waist that he might see what was going forward, and then, for the first time, he knew the truth.

"The good God forgive Robert of Lincoln and all that walk with him this day!" was his prayer at this moment.

Now, this was a surprising exclamation, and the very last that Simon had expected to utter on such a day. Believing, as we have said, that the students were gathered about the effigy of the "subtle" Doctor which Bartolommeo had made, you shall judge of his surprise when, being lifted up, he beheld a monstrous figure, like nothing in heaven or earth; but that of a rubicund-jowled man, with Punchinello's nose and Pantalone's ears, and a great rotundity which wine flasks bedecked, and many a rude drinking-horn hanging at that mighty girdle. More surprising still, when it chanced that the mob turned the image round to show it to all the world, Simon declared that the face, monstrously ugly as it might be, was familiar to him; and thinking upon it a little while, he of a sudden cried—

"Why, that is Bursar Thomas of Merton!"

"The Bursar of what!" roared a profane fellow in the crowd; "nay, yon is the Saint of Aquino that ye are to carry to Osney Abbey!"

"Tell me no such thing!" retorted Simon; "I have seen the image with mine own eyes, but this—"

They cut him short with a deafening yell. By here and there in the throng he recognised his friends, Robert of Lincoln and John of Bristol, the merry William, the giant Edward. Needless to ask what they were doing in such a place. His eyes told him but too truly. He wondered that fire did not come down from heaven and consume them. As a leaf by a stream, he was carried on now in that fierce masquerade, straight to the gates of Merton College, where the fuller shame must be.

"And God help me," said he as he went, "for the Bursar will question Bartolommeo and the truth will be known."

The mob carried the effigy to the gates of Merton, and there called loudly for Bursar Thomas. So great was the press that men surrounded the buildings on three sides, many mounting the city walls, many pressing into the very quadrangle. The Rector's guard, coming in haste upon the scene, was met by sturdy staffs and

"Know ye not that we go in pilgrimage to Osney's Abbey?" the students said.

But the guard answered: "Give us up the effigy, that the Rector may burn it!"

The worthy Bursar himself, standing at the window of his chamber, knew not what to make of such a deafening intrusion. While a hundred asked him to see himself, he perceived nothing but a monstrous image of some fat man, whom all derided.

"Get ye gone!" he cried; "get ye gone to your homes! Ye are mad—all of you!"

Their retort was that they were not mad.

pious protests.

"Thrice holy Thomas, what think ye of this? Is it not right well done?" "Nay, it lacks but the voice!" "Oh, beggarly rascal, here's a pretty shrine for you!"

Such exclamations, oft repeated, called the Bursar to regard more closely both the image and its bearers. He began, much to his chagrin, to perceive that, grotesque as the figure was, and mightily insulting, it bore some resemblance to his own familiar features. Yet that girth, that nose, the dreadful ears! Doubtingly he cast down his eyes to his own girdle, and then up at the girdle of the effigy, and, "By all the saints," roared he, "but yon thing is meant for me!"

He was a great personage in Merton College, was Bursar Thomas, and this insult roused him to the last point of choler.

"Look!" he cried. "They give me a paunch like a wine-tun, and come here with it to my own door! This is their pilgrimage and the saintly office! I am to be held up to the scorn of the whole University! Let the Rector's guard be fetched! Let the thing be broken into a thousand pieces!"

He shook his fists at the mob and closed his window violently. In the quadrangle itself such a merry fight was now going on that men lay stretched senseless upon the pavements, and others showed bleeding faces to their angry comrades. The effigy itself, borne aloft by twenty roistering blades, who fought for it foot by foot, was now possessed by this party, now by that. The more timid danced about the combatants, while they shouted defiantly, "A Robert, a Robert of Lincoln!" By-and-by when temper mastered reason, savage blows were changed, and even the clash of swords was heard; but the guard beat down the image at last, and, smashing it into a thousand fragments, they pressed on to tell the Bursar that the work was done.

"It lies in pieces, reverend Sir, and you shall be no more troubled by it. Name those that we are to carry to justice, and your bidding is done. A monstrous insult, as all the world can see, that your Worship should be so shamed in Oxford! But the offenders shall not escape us—an your Worship speaks the word!"

The Bursar answered them that they must clear the quadrangle of the college, and that those who shouted upon the city's wall must be driven away; after which, being mighty angry and beside himself, he pushed his way among the students and began to rate them soundly.

"You, Robert of Lincoln, and you, John of Bristol, get you gone from Oxford to-morrow! 1 will hear no parley, Sirs! You shall go to your own houses, that your kinsmen may know what shame you suffer. Tell them that you mocked me before the city. Oh, shameless

They say, his anger brooking no control, that he struck at Robert of Lincoln with the whip he carried; upon which a great murmur arose among the students, while there were those who cried, "How! This image-breaker prates of punishment"; and others who said, "By Bacchus, boys, but this is a noble pilgrimage!" and others again, "He breaks the saint and threatens the sinner!-to the devil with his impudence!" To all of which the enraged Bursar answered that the reckoning should be as soon as it was sure, and that the backs of some of them should smart before sundown. This amiable sentiment he had but just uttered, when a shrill voice in the crowd piped out the astonishing suggestion that, lacking an image to carry to Osney, the pilgrims should take the man himself and charge him nothing for the service. "And, my brethren," said he, "you have the canopy!"

Here was an idea of such surpassing magnificence, so splendid indeed, that silence fell for a while both upon Bursar Thomas and his persecutors. The half of a minute, however, had not passed before a shout of triumph arose, and falling upon the astonished victim ere he could raise a hand to defend himself, the rioters lifted him high above their shoulders and set him upon the canopy. Threats and oaths alike availed him nothing. Proclaiming him a veritable Thomas of Aquino, they tossed him high as a ball and caught him again, rolled him from side to side, paid him their splendid homage. Gowns tied to staffs made banners for the pilgrims' hands. A wit, in mournful chant, sang a dirge at which Pope Gregory, the chaunter, might well have turned in his grave. And the end of it was that a great company marched out of Oxford presently, and the rioters were knocking at the convent gate in an hour's time. Never heard the good Prior, who answered the summons, so astonishing

"We bring to your door, reverend Sir," cries Robert of Lincoln, "a worthless fellow and a vagrant. This man goes about destroying the holy images, and has just broken one of the worthy Thomas of Aquino. You will find the fragments of it upon the road behind us. Say, then, what shall be done to such a man, my father?"

Now, the Prior with all his monks, had come out to the Abbey gate, drawn thither by the riot and din upon the Oxford road. You shall judge of his amazement when he perceived a jovial band of students chanting a mournful dirge, and carrying on such a canopy as serves the feet of plaster saints, no other than the fat Bursar of Merton College. He knew not whether he were awake or dreaming.

"They bear a living man," said he to those who stood with him; "you can see his lips moving. And, by the Mass, I believe he's mad!" His astonishment was even greater when he heard Robert of Lincoln's story. "Mean ye, then," cries he, "that yon fellow has broken a holy image?"

"Ay!" roared twenty voices, "and now he believes himself to be none other than Thomas of Aquino!"

Bursar Thomas, half dead with fright, and very sick with the jolting they had put him to, protested in a voice grown faint and feeble—

"I am the Bursar of Merton College—do not listen to them! This is a shameful thing, and shall pay reckoning. I beseech you, my friends——"

A new cry silenced him; it overwhelmed the doubting Prior, to whom Robert of Lincoln had but just suggested that the fellow must be secured until he could be brought before the justices. "For," said he, "here is a man who an hour ago was Thomas of Aquino, and now is Thomas of Merton College. Such a one surely is a peril to honest men, my father!"

The Prior, frightened by the din, and quite uncertain whether to believe the students or their prisoner, ventured to speak of compromise.

"I have no donjon here, my brethren," said he, "nor can I think of any way to help you. How say you if the man be locked in the belfry until the justices can be summoned?"

"Ay, lock him in the belfry!" roared twenty voices. "It's the very place!"

This parley brought with it a certain hush of the storm, and while the pilgrims were at that moment no less determined upon their course, the Prior no less perplexed, Bursar Thomas of Merton, beginning to take in the situation, and telling himself that if he could not mend it, he certainly would spend the day, and it might be the night, in the belfry of the Abbey, suddenly bethought him of a fine idea. Humiliating as it was, a surrender and a shameful defeat, nevertheless, being a worldly man and not a little wise withal, he put it to Robert of Lincoln that there was another course.

"What say ye to silence and a promise of pardon?" cried he. "There is a tavern yonder, and I carry a full purse. Let me go, rascals, and nothing shall be said."

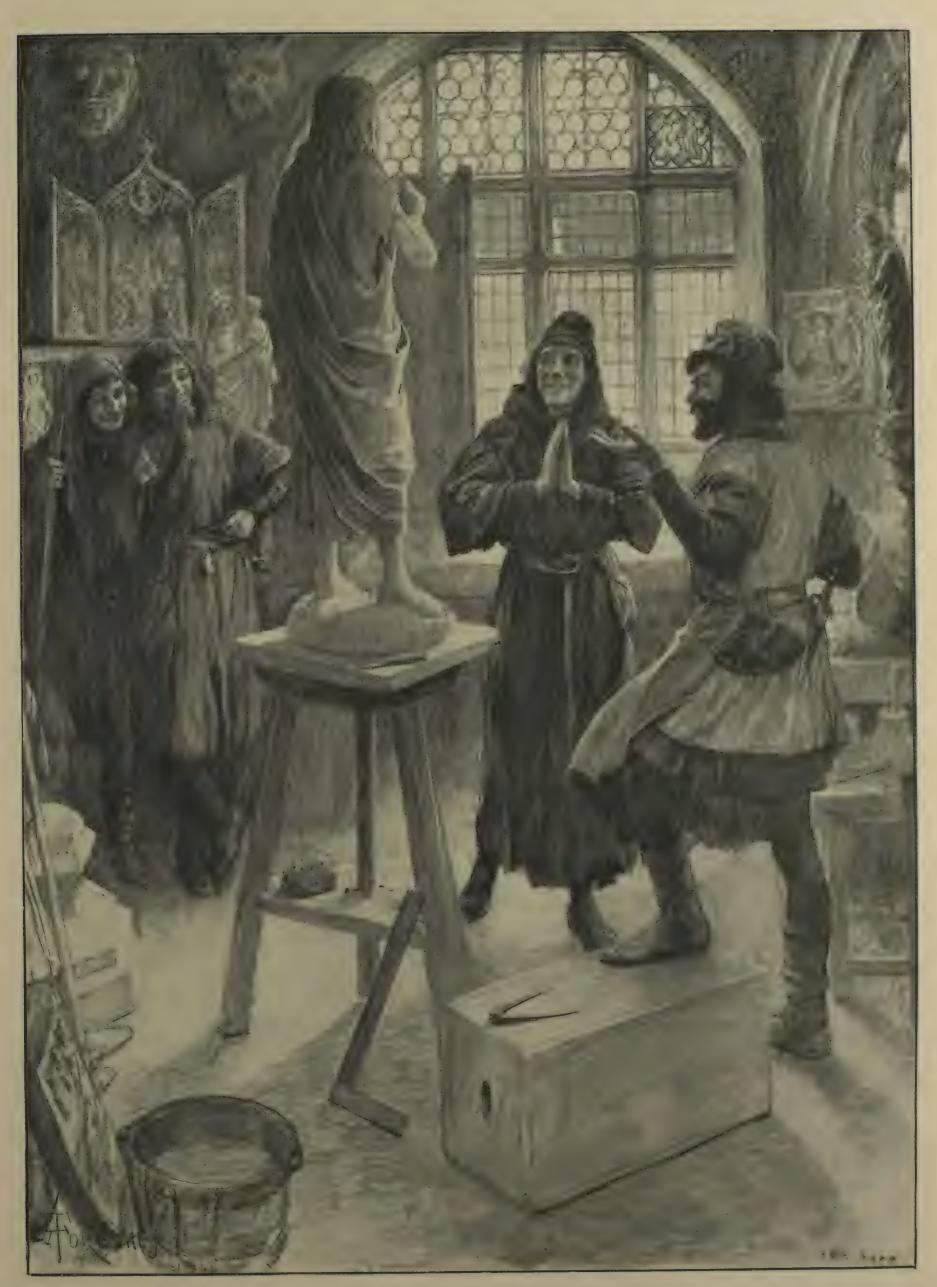
He besought them all and watched their merry faces. For a little while they were too astonished to speak; but coming to their senses quickly, the bearers lowered the poles of their canopy as one man, and strong arms snatching up Bursar Thomas, they carried him, with a cry of victory, to the tavern door.

Simon of York, driven to the tavern of the Hooded Falcon by his curiosity, was there compelled at the sword's point to drain a flagon of Malmsey wine at the Bursar's expense. Unaccustomed to such a potent beverage, and overcome, as much by grief and shame as by that which he had drunk, he did not return to University College until midnight, and there, knocking feebly at the porter's lodge, he was asked by that worthy what business brought him to the gate? Simon, it is said (and this is a great surprise to all who have read of his life and deeds), did not answer the porter civilly, as might have been expected, but struck him a fierce blow upon the nose, while he cried—

"Impudent fellow; you are surely drunk, or you would know me!"

Which proves, as the biographers have recorded, that even a saintly girdle is no safeguard when it is worn, as Simon wore his girdle of St. Thomas that night—about the ankles.

THE END.



Bart lommeo showed Simon an old statue of St. John.
"SIMON OF YORK."—BY MAX PEMBERTON.

THE LEGEND OF THE CORONATION RING.

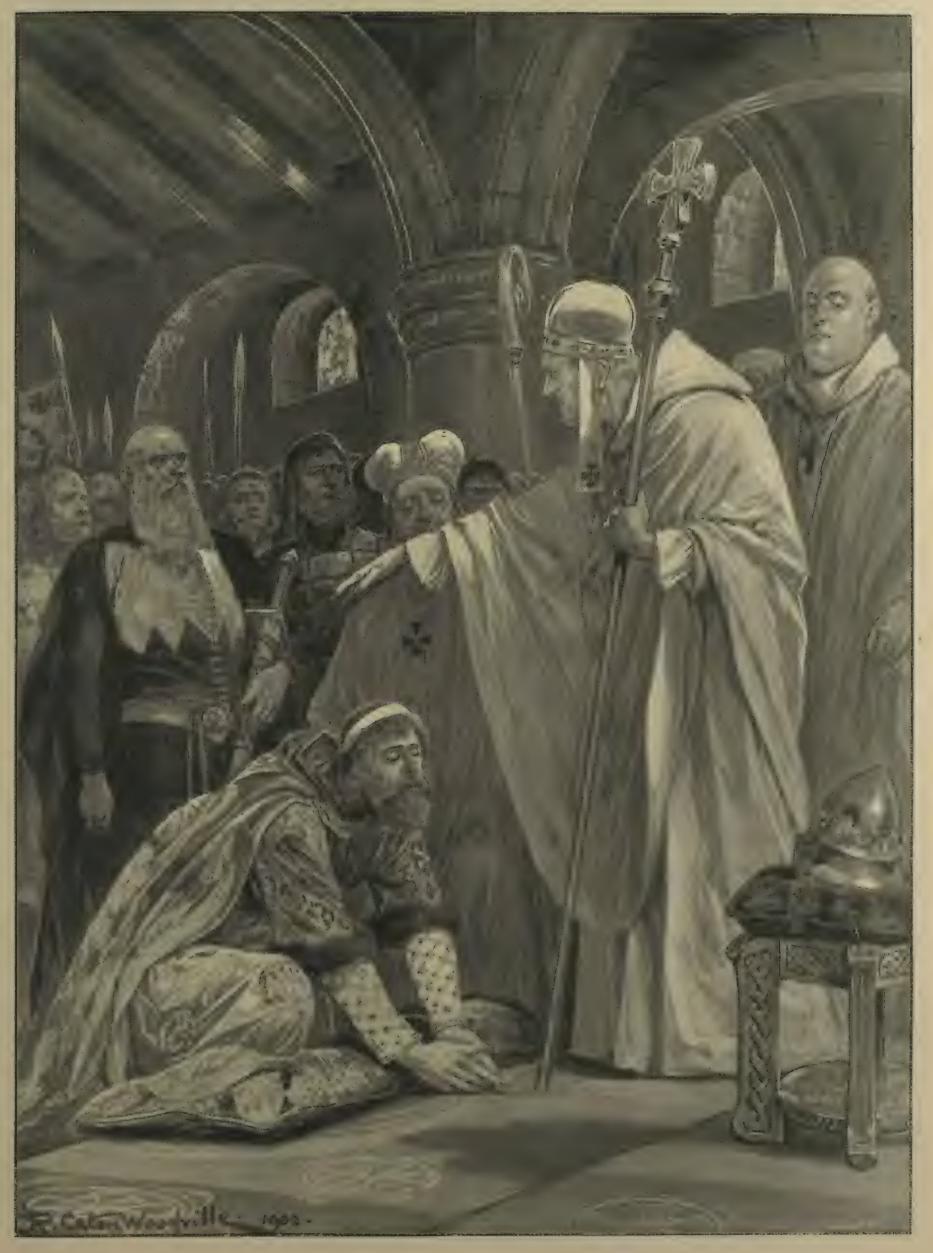
Drawn by G. Amato.



THE RETURN OF ST. EDWARD'S RING TO THE PILGRIMS.

According to the "Golden Legende" Edward the Confessor gave a ring to a certain beggar, and soon after two English pilgrims in the Holy Land received the ring from an old man, who announced that he was St. John the Evangelist, and bade them return it to their King. The power to prevent or cure the falling sickness was ascribed to the sapphire of St. Edward's Ring. This gem is now in the cross above the State Crown

CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. V.: HAROLD, SON OF GODWIN. Drawn by R. Caton Woodbyille.



THE CEREMONY ON JANUARY 5, 1066.

COMBATING THE SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC: SCENES AT GORE FARM; HOSPITAL, DARTFORD.



Administrative Offices,
The Patients' Washhouses.
Recreation-Hall for Patients.
A Nurse's Sitting-Room.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOSPITAL
PART OF THE KITCHEN.
THE CHAPEL.
THE IRONING-ROOM OF THE LAUNDRY.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S VISIT TO THE CITY, FEBRUARY 13.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT



THE LORD MAYOR PRESENTING THE COLONIAL SECRETARY WITH AN ADDRESS AT THE GUILDHALL.

THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD.—No. IV.: JAPAN, OUR NEW ALLY



TYPES OF THE JAPANESE FLEET.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The epidemic of smallpox which prevails at present in London, with offshoots of minor kind elsewhere, raises for the public at large the interesting scientific question of the means which hygiene is able to present to view in respect of the prevention of attack. It is obvious that this question is one of the highest importance, because discase, humanity must inevitably be the gainer through disease, humanity must inevitably be the gamer intrough such research and its practical application to our daily life. In the case of many ailments, means for prevention are obvious, and in exact proportion to the care with which such measures are adopted, the amount of disease is reduced. Cholera teaches us an excellent object-lesson in this connection. Once upon a time it was prevalent enough among us. Once imported, it came to stay its time, and the mortality in the epidemics of the past was great. To-day cholera is well-nigh of the past was great. To-day cholera is well-nigh forgotten. The present generation knows it not, and, save for an occasional case which makes its appearance as an intrusion from some other country, we might regard this ailment as extinct in Britain.

This result is due to two causes. First of all, cholera is a filth-disease. It is bred among neglected sewage and other unhealthy conditions, and is conveyed by water-supplies polluted by sewage. Secondly, by isolating the first cases, by separating them from contact with healthy people, and by appropriate disinfection—though cholera is not infectious from person to person the person to person the person to perso we prevent these single cases from being multiplied into hundreds—that is, we prevent pollution of water-supplies. Purity of the water we drink being ensured, we can afford to snap our fingers at cholera.

Much the same is true of typhoid fever in respect of The germs of this ailment may no doubt be conveyed by the air, but they more frequently reach us through the medium of water polluted by sewage. If due care were taken to disinfect and isolate the first cases of a typhoid fever epidemic, pollution of water would be avoided, and the one great source of infection thus controlled. It is pollution of oyster-beds by sewage-laden water that causes typhoid fever when such infected laden water that causes typhoid fever when such infected molluses are consumed; and a milk-supply likewise contaminated, through the water of the dairy being infected, is capable, of course, of producing the disease. regard to other infectious ailments, early control of the first cases, and their instant isolation, form efficient measures of safety. To this end the principle of notifying such diseases to the sanitary authorities is an immense aid, and it is to be regretted that the notification principle is not more widely extended in its scope to include such an ailment as consumption. Measles, which at first was not regarded as necessary to be notified, is now receiving attention in this direction, and rightly so, for it is an ailment that, of late years, has apparently increased in severity of type. It is now no longer a trivial disease, a fact of which mothers should not be slow to take note.

Turning now to the case of smallpox, the practical question faces us of the means for prevention which are at our disposal in respect of risk of infection. The first point to be noted is that smallpox is not a disease which is amenable to control from improvements in sanitary phases, such as those which we have noted exercise a marked effect in the case of cholera and typhoid fever. For smallpox is not propagated by water or milk. It for smallpox is not propagated by water of milk. It is conveyed by contact with patients suffering from the ailment, as its germs may also reach us through infected clothes and other articles. Infection here is therefore of a much more subtle character, and of a kind much more difficult to trace and detect than in the case of other diseases. When a favourite argument of anti-vaccinators is trotted out, we are told that if epidemics to-day are not so severe as in the past (a result due to vaccination), we should credit sanitary advance all round with the diminished virulence or frequency. But, as I have shown, improvement of water-supplies and of modes of sewage disposal, excellent and necessary agents in ensuring the public health otherwise, are precisely the measures that do not affect small-Hence we are left to note the other means to which we may look for the prevention of the spread of this disease.

These means are three in number. There is first vaccination, which has been found in the vast majority of cases to prevent attack, and to modify the disease, should a vaccinated person acquire it. By vaccination, medical experience implies the performance of this sanitary rite in infancy, with revaccination thereafter in adolescence, and later on as well. The protective effect evidently wears off, and necessitates renewal of the operation. This is our first line of defence, and all experience teaches us that it is a powerful one. Next in order comes the instant isolation of all suspected cases. I say suspected because it is probable that, although the actual signs of smallpox do not show themselves until after a period (about twelve days) from the date of infection, the patient may be regarded as infectious from the first. This is the reason why a tramp will spread the disease broadcast as he wends his way from place to place. Then each case so infected becomes in turn a fresh centre of the ailment whence other people may receive its germs.

The second line of defence is, therefore, instant isolation of every suspected case. This is precisely the difficulty of sanitary authorities, from whose vigilance the infected nomad readily escapes. A third mode of prevention is, of course, the efficient care and disinfection of cases being treated. If the germs are air-borne and readily escape from the patient's body, it is evident rigid measures of prevention must be practised within hospital walls. Cases are known-that of Fulham, and more recently of infection of the Essex side of the Thames from the hospital-ships—in which the disease was carried apparently by the air from hospital precincts. Efficient disinfection can alone prevent this latter source of contagion.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor. DR R SMITH (Warrington).—(1) An immediate dispatch of a solution will be acknowledged in the issue of a fortnight later. (2) Yes. (3) We think all three moves, but we admit the key-move. (4) Where is the dual in No. 2011.

No. 3014?
C. W. (Sunbury).—Thanks for problem. You are quite right about Mr. Kidson, but we have already celebrated his jub lee.
E. R. Makeham (Hampstead).—Amended diagram duly to hand.
E. de F. Tousqueet (The Hague).—Will you kindly submit your problems on diagrams.—Fidelitas.—Your problem shall receive our attention.
C. T. Higginson.—We are sorry your problem is too simple for our use.
H. A. Salway.—No. 91 is cooked by 1. Kt takes P at Q B 5th (ch).
C. G. Barker.—Game to hand, with thanks.
J. Scott Boyd.—Solutions of hol'day problem careful cons'deration.
R. Burker.—Ceylon.—Solutions of hol'day problems on te correct.

R BURKE (Ceylon).—Solutions of hol'day problems qu'te correct. N M Gibbins (Cambridge) —Will you kindly submit the amended version

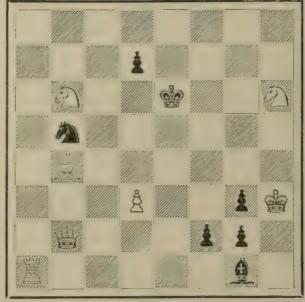
N. M. Girbins (Cambr.dge) — Will you kindly sutmit the amended version on a diagram?

Correct Solution of Problems No. 3003 to 3005 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chill); of No. 3015 from M. Sha'da Ali Khan (Rampur : of No. 3012 from Miss Vera Mulligan (Chicago) and Percy Charles (New York); of No. 3014 from Edward J. Shatpe and Capta n. J. A. Chall'ce Great Valmouth; of No. 3015 from H. Le. Jeune, Thomas Charlton Clapham Park, C. H. Allen, A. J. Allen (Hampstead), Will am Targett (Southampton', Rev. C. R. Sowell (St. Aust.ll), P. B. Cooper (St. Austell), A. Nery de Vasconcellos (Lisbon), Dr. Harland (South Shields), Edward J. Shatpe, W. R. Lamont (Maryborough), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), C. P. Kindell Torquay), Thomas H. Johnson, Captain J. A. Chall'ce (Great Valmouth), C. E. Perugini, M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), A. H. Thomas (Battelsca), J. M. Burnet (Glasgow), Walter C. Bennett (Windsor), B. O. Clark (Wolveshampton), A. von Ernsthausen (Oxford), and F. W. Ensor (Cardiff).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3015 received from H. Le Jeune, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), F. Dalby, J. F. Moon, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), F. W. Moore (Brighton', Sorrento, F. J. S. (Hampstead), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), Charles Burnett, Shadforth, G. Stilling deet Johnson (Cobham', J. L. Jackson, R. Worters (Canterbury), Reginald Gordon, L. Desanges, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), T. Colledge Hallibutton (Jedburgh), Alfred R. Day (Leicester), Harry Myers (Newcastle-on-Tyne), and Albert Wolff (Putney).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO 3015.-By P. H. WILLIAMS.

1. Q to B 2nd 2. Mates. PROBLEM No. 3018.—By HERBERT A. SALWAY.



WHITE

White to play, and mate in three moves

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO. and PILLSBURY

			and the second s	
	(Petroff Defence.)			
	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	вілск (Мг. Р.
	r. P to K 4th	· P to K 4th	13. P takes Kt	B takes Kt
	2. Kt to K B 3rd		14. Q takes B	Q takes Q
	3. Kt takes P		15. P takes Q	B to Q ard
	A livelier variation ma	v be the outcome of	16. R to Kt sq	Q R to Kt sq
	P to Q 4th at this poin		17. R to Kt 5th	P to B 5th
	shown.		Giving White an opening at K 4th for l	
	3. P to Q 3rd 4. Kt to K B 3rd Kt takes P		powerful Bishop. This end, The game is won b	
			gain of a Pawn,	y sound play and th
	5. P to O uh	P to Q 4th	18. B to K 4th	P to Q R 3rd
	6. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	10. R to Kt sq .	KR to K sq
	7. Castles	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. B to O 2nd	K to B and
	8. R to K sq	B to Kt 5th	21. B to Q 5th (ch)	K to B 3rd
	9. P to B 3rd	P to B 4th	22. R takes R	R takes R
	This advance is inferior. It is usual in		23. R takes P	Kt to K 2nd
	this and similar situation	as for the Knight to	24. B to K 4th	Kt to Bath
	retire to B 3rd.		25. R to R 7th	R-to O Kt sq
	10. P to B 4th		26. R takes R P	P to Kt 4th
	Inviting Kt takes P		27. P to B 4th 28. R takes R	R to Kt 3rd P takes R
	takes B; 12. Q takes Is takes Kt P, which we as		20. R takes R	Kt to R 5th
	able to Black.	same to be umayour-	30. P to K R 3rd	P to R 4th
		Castles	31. P to B 5th	P takes P
	II. P takes P	Q takes P	32. P tks P (dis. ch)	B to K 4th
	12 Kt to B ard	Kt takes Kt	22 P to R #th	Resigns

CHESS IN AMERICA

Game played in Brooklyn between Messrs, A. J. Souweine and C. S. Howell.

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. H. BLACK (Mr. H)
P to K 4th
Kt to Q B 3rd
Kt to B 3rd 21. B takes P 22. Kt to K 3rd 23. Q to B 5th cessary now, for Q to Kt 7th would be ered by K R to Q Kt sq. Kt takes P R to R 5th

P to Q 4th
B to Q B 4th
Kt takes P
P takes B
B to K 3rd
Kt to Kt 5th (ch)
Kt takes P (ch)
Kt takes R
Kt takes Kt (ch)
Q to B 3rd
Q to K 4th
P to Q 5th P takes P (ch)
P takes.P
Q to Kt (th (ch)
R takes P (ch)

at Monte Carlo is being

STATE-SUBSIDISED ART IN FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Less than a twelvemonth ago the female pupils of the Paris School of Fine Arts claimed the right to pursue their studies on terms of equality with the men. Upon the face of it, the claim seemed not only logical from the point of art itself, but practically unavoidable. would-be surgical practitioner aiming at the highest degree of attainable anatomical skill cannot afford to desert the dissecting-room on more than ordinarily important occasions because she happens to belong to the weaker sex; and the same argument unquestionably applies to anatomical drawing. The Paris authorities admitted the claim, although I feel practically certain that they did not bestow an instant's consideration upon the very logical consequences of their assent. M. Georges Leygues, the Minister of Public Education, is an exceed ingly worthy and clever man, and he has several henchmen fully entitled to the adjectives: neither he nor they had an idea that they were running into a trap set for them by those young damsels of the "Beaux-Arts," who can indeed look very demure. Had it been a question of meeting the craft of some of their Parliamentary colleagues by corresponding craft, they would have been equal to, because prepared for it. As it is, the trap has been sprung upon them on the eve of the general elections, when to neglect woman's goodwill would in reality be worse than political suicide—in other words, an arrant political blunder.

That goodwill will be unquestionably forfeited unless the educational authorities quietly admit their liability. know that there are three or four scholarships open to English art students. I am not absolutely familiar with their particulars, but the three or four categories combined do not come up in importance either to the Prix de Rome or to the Prix du Salon. The latter, though slightly exceeding the other in money value, is not the gift of the Government; and from the initial movement of the female French art pupils, they are not at all likely to run their heads against a brick wall; so they have simply confined their attention to the not at all likely to run their heads against a brick wall; so they have simply confined their attention to the acquisition of the Government grant. That means an uninterrupted residence for three years at the Villa Medici in Rome. The delightful suburban pleasaunce is at present exclusively occupied by men, and, what is more, by young men. The prospect of the possible invasion has not spread terror among these, although it may well be questioned whether the novelist is not drawing somewhat upon his invasination when he denicts the admiring what upon his imagination when he depicts the admiring wife sitting by the husband's easel and watching his efforts; and whether, on the other hand, Oliver Wendell Holmes was not too brutal when he sketched the perhaps hypothetical conversation on the subject of "flapjacks and puddings" between Anne Hathaway and William while he was in the throes of composing Hamlet's

However, the embryo Mcissoniers, Ingrès, and Puvis However, the embryo Meissoniers, Ingres, and Puvis de Chavannes have as yet made no pronouncement one way or the other. The Director of the Institution has been less lymphatic. The incursion of ever so many young women, with all their Paris finery fresh from the milliners and dressmakers, and stowed away in cunningly devised trunks, fills his dear quinquagenarian imagination with dismay; for it is safe to assume that a man of between fifty and sixty estimates the fascinating power of young women to be much stronger than man of between fifty and sixty estimates the haschiating power of young women to be much stronger than it really is. "He lives again in blissful dreaming" when called upon to judge in such a contingency. Being probably a most poetical Frenchman, he has visions of "drames passionels," constantly interrupted work, and perhaps Palais-Royal farces enacted in real life. To all these objections the girl candidates have interpleaders.

"Why on earth should we not live in the Villa Medici?" Why on earth should we not live in the Villa Medici exclaims the head student of the women's class at the Beaux-Arts. "We work together all the year round, and when young men and women work under those condi-tions they soon forget that they are of different sexes." I would sooner not endorse that particular view of the situation as set forth by the young woman, and I like her much better when she boldly faces the situation. "Suppose," she says, "the fact of the difference of sex were remembered at the Villa Medici, and the young people were to fall in love with each other, where would be the harm, and why shouldn't they?" The name of the young lady has not come down to me; nevertheless, I do not hesitate to call her a shrewd politician, whatever she may turn out as a future Rosa Bonheur, Montalba, or Angelica Kaufmann. On the one hand, she implicitly threatens the Chamber of Deputies in the forthcoming elections if they do not accede to hers and her sisters request. On the other, she takes advantage of the admission of the Director of the Villa Medici, and turns it to account in a manner which can only be gratifying to every patriotic Frenchman and Frenchwoman. The far-famed art-nursery is to become in a small way—all beginnings are difficult—a minor marriage-market, where young people belonging to a class hitherto not thrown in contact may meet each other and "look before they leap." If there should only be a couple of marriages in each twelvemonth it would be something attempted, something done. It would be the planting

marriages in each twelvemonth it would be something attempted, something done. It would be the planting of a couple of blades of grass where hitherto there grew only one. Thus far with a view to the numerical prosperity of the dear old country, "la belle France."

The individual, however, also has to be considered. Fancy the delight of a courtship thus begun, and the sequel, or rather sequels, to it—namely, the wedding, the honeymoon, and perhaps the first joys of parentage, and all at the Government expense! It is really "the thrift, thrift, Horatio," in its most commendable sense, for during the first three years of their matrimonial existence the young couple would have no rent to pay and 7000 francs per annum to spend. There are people in Paris, most meritorious artists, who have to keep up appearances on far less. I have only taken that which is absolutely certain. The Prix de Rome is entitled for three years to 3600 francs Prix de Rome is entitled for three years to 3600 francs per annum. That is for his board, clothes, and pocket-money; and the way things are arranged for him at the Villa Medici leaves him a margin.

"THE MONARCHS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND" AT THE NEW GALLERY.



CHARLES I.-E. BOWER.

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QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA,—CLAUDE LE FEVRE.

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MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.-LUCAS DE HEERE.

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HENRY VIII., PRINCESS MARY, AND WILL SOMERS.

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KATHERINE OF ARAGON AND ARTHUR, PRINCE OF WALES.

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ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, QUEEN OF EDWARD IV.
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MARY, QUEEN OF JAMES II. SIR P. LELY.

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ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF HENRY VII.

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LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method. By Banister Fletcher, F.R.I.B.A., and Banister F. Fletcher, A.R.I.B.A. (London: Batsford, Fourth Edition, 218,

Social England: A Record of the Progress of the People, Edited by H. D. Traill and J. S. Mann. Illustrated Edition in Six Vols. Vol. (London: Cassell, 128.)

The Portion of Labour, By Mary E. Wilkins. (New York: Harper and Brothers, 68.)

Mothers, 68.1

A Winter Pilgrimage in Palestine, Halv, and Cyprus. By H. Rider H. gard. (London: Longmans, Green, 128. od.)

the Part of the House of Borgia. By Frederick, Baron Corvo. (London: Grant Richards, 218.)

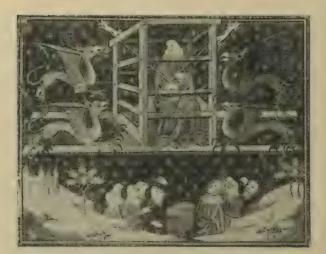
"A History of Architecture" appears not merely as an old friend in a new dress, but one whose development has matured under the exhaustive revision and sustained care

of its surviving author. It is now far more complete than formerly, and among the important additions is a com-parative treatment of the so-called non-historical styles of Indian, Chinese, Japanese, and Saracenic architecture; while another new chapter takes us to the great plateau of the French Broad in Western North Carolina, where the château of Biltmore, rising between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains, shows the latest (if reminiscent) development of Western building. In the section which includes Japan, the author, while partly attributing to earthquakes the prevalence of wooden construction, might perhaps have given examples of the special developments due to earthquake danger, such as the immense and massive weight sometimes suspended from the middle of a temple roof to allow the centre of gravity of the building to accommodate itself to a heaving of the ground. Such shortcomings, however, are too rare to be dwelt upon here. The work might fairly be called "The Golden Treasury of Architecture," in saying which we do not at all refer to the numerous poetical extracts which are served like olives between the courses, and whose value in a compilation of this kind we doubt, but to the judicious selection and treatment of the architectural subjects. The very numerous illustrations divide themselves into two classes: reproductions of

selves into two classes: reproductions of photographs of buildings and pages of drawings of plans, elevations, sections, and details. They are all good; but what is most notable is the skill with which the diagrammatic pages have been packed, with only rare sacrifices to clearness. Among "process" pictures, the excellence of "The Baptistery, Cathedral, and Leaning Tower at Pisa" is by no means exceptional. The value of this work lies not alone in its accumulation of facts and copious references to authority, but in the catholic spirit in which the whole has been carried out. This is shown not only in the author's apprecarri dout. This is shown not only in the author's appreciation of the factor of evolution, but also in his belief in

the potentialities of the future.

Illustrated histories are generally abominable, as anyone must recognise who has seen the Kings of Scotland at Holyrood. But such a work as Mr. Traill's "Social England" clamours for illustrations. One does not want a picture of the battle of Crecy, but verbal descriptions of things like Roman hairpins and Salisbury Cathedral



THE AIR-SHIP ANTICIPATED.

Alexander the Great is drawn upwards by birds, tempted by meat on a pole.

REPRODUCED FROM "SOCIAL ENGLAND," BY PERMISSION OF MESSES, CASSELL AND CO.

are unconvincing, and the mere writer could not bring home to us such mediæval anticipations of modern inventions as we reproduce on this page. The present inventions as we reproduce on this page. The present volume brings the history down—or should evolutionists say "up"?—to the accession of Edward I., and gives a very interesting summary of "religion, laws, learning, arts, industry, commerce, science, literature, and manners"—in fact, of everything that the healthy schoolboy hates, through prehistoric Celtic, Roman, "Anglo - Saxon," Norman and Angevin times. Mr. Traill's introductory essay reminds us how admirable a writer died in him, while the various contributors maintain a very high level. Without what a literary journal lately described as "invidium," we may perhaps mention specially the chapters by Mr. O. M. Edwards on "Celtic Britain"; Mr. Haverfield on Roman subjects; and Professor York inventions as we reproduce on this page.

Powell on the coming of the English. The only obvious criticism is that the book is hardly detailed enough for a work of reference, and is too encyclopædic and bulky to hold easily. We would, besides, deprecate Mr. Heath's well-meant remark that the dream of Caedmon is too familiar for repetition, for such a doctrine cuts at the root of popular histories. The illustrations are most wisely solveted and creatly repreduced. wisely selected and excellently reproduced.

Had the insight and sympathy which distinguishes certain portions of Miss Mary E. Wilkins' latest novel been strengthened by adequate development of plot and character, the story might have done for the industrial problem what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for slavery. But we lay down "The Portion of Labour" with a twofold disappointment; first, at the obvious "missfire"; and, secondly, disappointment that we have been disappointed, which is in itself somewhat of



THE BAPTISTERY, CATHEDRAL, AND LEANING TOWER AT PISA, WITH CAMPO SANTO IN THE BACKGROUND.

REPRODUCED FROM "A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE," BY PERMISSION OF MR. B. T. BATSFORD.

compliment to the author. For at the outset the writer seemed to promise us a story of singular power; certain characters passed from the realm of mere description to that of vital entity from the first moment of their appearance, and some few manifested endearing qualities. We were introduced, also, to an unfamiliar democratic society, in its contradictions as engrossing to our conventional monarchic mind as a engrossing to our conventional monarchic mind as a curious specimen is to the collector. Added to this was the poignant old-world sorrow of the struggle for existence, embittered by the modern stress of competition and the war between capital and labour. With such a groundwork, therefore, the romance of Ellen Brewster, the New England factory-girl, might—nay, ought to have been an epic of the toiler, but epic, alas! it is none; it is scarcely a good storybook. The fabric, indeed, at length declares itself in parts so loosely knit and in parts so strained that unity and permanence of effect are alike impossible. unity and permanence of effect are alike impossible. Ellen, the beautiful and clever child of well-to-do working people, passes by virtue of education somewhat beyond them, and for a time we are threatened with such a situation as Mr. Gissing doth chiefly delight in. But this is ultimately evaded. Advancing years have lessened Andrew Brewster's usefulness, so his employer casts him aside like a worn out tool; rash speculation has sapped his savings, so his daughter sacrifices her chance of Vassar College and bravely "runs a machine," in the boot-factory. So far, so good; but our exquisite Ellen, with sorrow be it recorded, develops only into a prig and revolutionary, who organises a disastrous strike. That she should finally marry her employer seems to be a denouement which taxes credulity and the country of art somewhat heavily. Brewster, the down-trodden of circumstance, is admirable, and compals our appeals of the compals able, and compels our sympathy, even our affection; his wife, her sister, Eva Loud, Abby Atkins and Grandma Brewster, stand out alive from the canvas, but the other characters, of whom there is a superfluity, scarcely justify their appearance. When all is said and done, "The Portion of Labour" must reluctantly be yielded a place in the temple of lost opportunities.

Mr. Rider Haggard's "Winter Pilgumage" is doubly welcome. That he should produce so delightful a record of travel as this will surprise nobody, though the freshness that distinguishes his pages is pleasantly surprising in a veteran. His qualifications for the task he set himself are exceptional: his interests are catholic, and he sees new countries with the eye of an antiquary, economist, farmer, and sociologist by turns, while his penetration and restrained humour make him an ideal travelling companion. Cyprus, whither Mr. Haggard journeyed from Italy, occupies nearly one half the book; and deservedly, for the attractions of the island to the visitor of educated tastes are perhaps less fully understood than they deserve to be. A good climate, grand scenery, a marvellous wealth of historical remains, and a populace so unspoiled that a shilling here goes as far as five elsewhere, Cyprus has much to recommend it. Mr. Rider Haggard remarks that it is one of the few countries in the world that he felt sorry to leave. He was on the beaten track in the Holy Land, but he contrives to hold his reader's attention from the hour of landing to that of departure. The author's reasons for supporting the theory that the "Place of Stoning" and the scene of the Crucifixion are identical appear to rest upon a sound basis, and form, if we are not mistaken, a new contribution to a much debated subject. Mr. Haggard's description of Jerusalem and the places of Holy Writ, with their human surroundings, is at once reverent and graphic; and his humour, when it asserts itself, never jars. An excellent feature of the whole work is the undercurrent of historical information drawn from the writings of early travellers: no better means of throwing into relief the unchanging character of Eastern usage and institutions could be devised.

It may be that the Italy of the century in which the star of the Borgias shone in the sight of all intellectual Europe was no more to its people than is the twentieth century to ourselves. Yet we look back to the period of the Renaissance in Italy, to the wonderful fifteenth century, with feelings of veneration that would be hard to define accurately. Great personalities come to us, living, fascinating, startling—Colonnas, Orsini, Borgias, defiant of the intervaning centuries. The great

of the intervening centuries. The gratalians who lived in the days of Renaissance moulded the world's history, and among them the Borgias stand out prominently, recklessly abused by the vulgar, discussed dubiously by the wise, and understood by nobody; for as Walter Pater has said, "Each mind keeps as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world." While conjecture must limit understanding, let it be granted that Baron Corvo's handsome volume "Chronicles of the House of Borgia" is a work as entertaining, painstaking, and illuminating as research and enthusiasm can make it, the historical received the search and enthusiasm can make it. albeit the historical reasoning is hard to accept: The author has found some echo of the old times that live for us yet in the pictures of Giorgione and Leonardo da Vinci; his book helps us to understand the politics and policies of ruling houses, the manners and morals of the days that were illumined for all time by Italian genius. Calixtus III., first of the great Borgias, is presented with a skill and breadth of treatment that recalls the best, as well as the worst, features of a short study by Froude; and if the most notorious Cæsar and Lucrezia Borgia are painted less darkly than is usual, the author's position is clearly that of a partisan. It was impossible to compile a chronicle

of the House of Borgia in the days of its greatest of the House of Borgia in the days of its greatest power for good or evil without giving some history, however brief, of the other powers that came in conflict with it. In short, we must have a picture that shall include most of the men and women whose life and gifts inspired the finest efforts of the Renaissance. Though we may know in our hearts that we could not have lived in the great years with the intensity of appreciation for them we enjoy to day though intensity of appreciation for them we enjoy to-day, though we may recognise that we are neither worthy nor fit to belong to the period that shines in the light of so many men of mark, we turn to it again and again, making pilgrimage to all the shrines that hold the genius of the fifteenth century. Then the Borgias rose and ruled, were men of force or cunning, were transheard or either hinded or salfah. were treacherous or sincere, high-minded or selfish, but always remarkable for good or evil until their light paled, and they gave no more rulers to their country.



Alexander the Great is let down into the sea in a glass barrel for the purpose of scientific research. The attack of a huge fish led him to conclude that such researches were not for mortals. Such was science in medieval romance.

To go back to the days of their first greatness in Baron Corvo's company is to take a remarkable journey among the living dead to see Europe with the fear of the Crescent before its eyes, and the Popes wielding their enormous power throughout the greater part of the Western world, to see the subtleties of diplomatic action laid bare, and hear the clash of sword on armour. A brave time, worthy of constant recollection by the writers of books, because, more than other periods of high interest, it had the great power of hiding nearly everything that is ignoble and ugly in life, and giving prominence to the side that appeals, even in these drab-coloured days, to all our passion for the picturesque. We may question the author's capacity for dealing impartially with his subject; we cannot deny his power of writing an interesting book.



I H I. ARCTIC FOX.

LADIES' PAGE.

It is very satisfactory to learn that the measures taken by the Board of Trade about the importation of dogs from abroad and the muzzling orders have resulted in the complete stamping out of the disease aimed at—hydrophobia. It was indeed a very rare disease, but it was a particularly horrible one; and it is satisfactory to know that rabies appears so' far proved never to arise spontaneously in the canine race, but to be always the result of a bite from another infected dog. To be as a nation



OUTDOOR COSTUME IN CLOTH AND VELVET.

quite free from even one of the horrible train of diseases is no small matter. But ladies who are attached to their dogs will groan to be told that this immunity is not to be the signal for a remission of the stern laws that have secured it. On the contrary, it is really made now impossible to take one's pet to the Riviera or elsewhere on a journey (except to Ireland or the Channel Islands), and bring it back again. The regulations are more strict than ever. Up to March they remain the same as for some time past; the dog may be put into quarantine in any house where a guarantee can be afforded for his being shut up and only exercised under charge and with a muzzle. But after March 15, precisely when the return to the shores of home is becoming a practical consideration, no pet, however tiny and harmless, will be allowed to be brought in the country without being at once sent for no less a period than six months to either the Government quarantine station at Croydon or some veterinary surgeon's house certified as being suitable premises! As well might they order the mistress of a pet to poison it at once, as to deprive herself of its company and it of her care for six whole months! Clearly, the pets must be left at home when we go away for a holiday. It seems absurd enough to make such a fuss about the little toys that are rarely out of their mistress's arms and almost never out of her sight; but I suppose the law cannot take the trouble to discriminate. Anyhow, it is necessary to know its harsh requirements. The muzzle is now everywhere done away with, however.

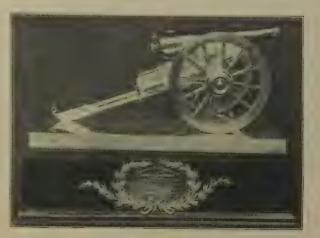
In considering the question of an opera-cloak, let notice be given to the claims of Roman satin, for it is an excellent fabric for this particular purpose. It is soft and pliable, and that has a double advantage; in the first place, it makes the folds and drapings graceful; and in the second place it prevents creasing when the garment is thrown over the back of a stall and one leans against it. The surface is good and lustrous, the colours come well in the material, and the extra width allows of an amplitude of cut that is very desirable in a wrap. As to styles, the long coat is decidedly first favourite, and it is made with huge sleeves, generally gathered in round the wrist, but above that quite full. This is to accommodate any genus of dress-sleeve; if the arm be uncovered it does no harm to have a full coat-sleeve above it; but if, on the contrary, you have chosen a full puff to the end of a demi-toilette bodice-sleeve, or if there be a lace sleeve

to your gown, or anything of the sort, then the full coatsleeve does not interfere with comfort and convenience. The Empire style is much in favour for the coat portion of the confection; the loose sweep from the band that comes just below the bust is graceful and practical. There is no limit to the decoration lavished on such smart coats nowadays. They must be well lined, to begin with; and a good glace is a nice lining for Roman satin, giving it a little more firmness than anything else. However, some people prefer the 'feel' of a soft make of silk, such as satin merv. An interlining of nun's-veiling is never amiss; even in warm weather it does not seem oppressive over evening dresses, and, of course, in winter some warmth is indispensable, and as a smart evening cloak is uninjured by a few months' wear in the scason, we may as well consider the future in arranging its details. Then, after the lining, comes the question of trimming, and I repeat that one cannot have too much or too elaborate decoration. Lace in bands, in incrustations, and in frills, jewelled passementeries, narrow lines of fur, diamond buckles to hold floating ends of chiffon or ribbon—all these appear on the evening coats; then more or less of frilleries of chiffon seems necessary to give the lightness and freedom from heavy effect that is necessary. But after all, girls need not despair in reading of all these splendours, for they will do very nicely with little cloaks of cashmere or soft cloth, or wool crepe; a few yards of nice imitation lace and a length of embroidery or jewelled passementerie is no great matter; and the pretty face aglow with the fresh interest of youth in dance or play will make the simple wrap more attractive, perhaps, than the matron's gorgeousness.

Not, however, that all matrons who must mix in Society are well-off, and have no difficulty in apportioning their dress allowances to their needs. It is decidedly harder for them to be economical, as they need the aid of dress far more than do young girls. A little exercise of common-sense saves much expenditure, however, in this as in other matters. It is important, for one thing, not to have dresses that "date themselves," so to speak, in the eyes of all beholders. Better put aside the tempting length of handsome brocade that nobody will forget after once seeing you in it; better avoid the blandishments of the distinctive colour, and keep to blacks or plain surfaces that a little alteration in decoration or style will give a changed aspect to in due time. There is a touching tale by that charming American writer, Miss Mary Wilkins, of two old lady sisters, very poor but very proud, who had always some excuse for never going out in company with each other: it transpired at last that they had but one black satin gown between them, and used to take the trouble to change the trimmings every time either of them wore it—so that nobody had ever detected that Miss Mary's jettrimmed black satin was identical with Miss Peggy's lace-garnished black satin. Without going quite so far, we may take a hint from the tale, and if we are not able to have frequent new dresses, choose some material and style that will not be too attractive to the eyes of our friends and too' fatiguing to their memories. The black silk dress of our grandmothers fulfilled this axiomatic requirement: who could tell just how many years a lady had worn one particular frock of so innocent a fabric? "Silk was silk" in those days. It had to be a possession for many years when once obtained, even to wealthy women; the frequent changes of to-day are part of our general greater rapidity of movement in social life. Another fabric that is very useful is velvet, or the humbler, yet charming, velveteen. It is serviceable as a gown, but still more so as a mantle

Our Illustrations show a couple of charming outdoor dresses. The first is in light cloth trimmed with tinsel braid, the yoke, sleeves, and underskirt being of velvet. The toque is of velvet to match, decorated by a couple of white feathers and a paste buckle. The skirt in the second design has a couple of box-pleats down the front. The yoke and undersleeves are of velvet, bands of tinsel braid forming the trimming. The hat has a piped brim, and is decorated by a bow with hanging ends of black lace. Note the smart little basque in this design.

The bolero effect is giving way to the basqued coat to a great extent. I foresee that when the spring fashions set in fully we shall all, for mere novelty's sake, want basques, either set on right round or, at least, in the form of postilion-tails. A dainty toilette just shown me was of putty-coloured zibeline cloth, with white hairs



A MEMORIAL OF MAFEKING.

The "Wolf" gun made by the defenders of Mafeking has been modelled in silver for presentation to General Baden-Powell by the inhabitants of Matabeleland. The model is the work of the Royal Silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, I.td., of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, London, W.

on it, made with three deep flounces to cover the back of the entire skirt and form a slight train, the front of the skirt flat, Louis Quinze style, and the deep-basqued coat of the same period, with lace jabot at the throat, and narrow vest, deep cuffs turned back, and outside pockets, all in a charming floral brocade.

It is well known that the Princess of Wales is one at heart with Queen Alexandra in her desire to promote British industries, her Royal Highness, indeed, being President of the Ladies' National Silk Association. Thus, accompanied by the Countess of Bradford and the members of her Council, her Royal Highness last week



CLOTH GOWN TRIMMED WITH TINSEL BRAID.

visited the Hanover Gallery, 47, New Bond Street, to inspect the exhibition of British silks organised by Messrs. Liberty. Among the interesting models is the latest design for the Pecresses' Coronation robes, also Court and other dresses, all made of British silk. Her Royal Highness was received on arrival by Sir Thomas Wardle and Mr. A. Lasenby Liberty, the President and the Vice-President of the Silk Association of Great Britain and Iraland.

On Monday next and following days Messrs. Waring will have a show of new lace curtains in their beautiful galleries at 181, Oxford Street. The collection comprises curtains of Swiss, Nottingham, Belgian, and French make, and, have been especially designed for the Coronation year in Messrs. Waring's own studio. They appear to represent the high-water mark in this decorative fabric, yet particular attention is called to the low price of the beautiful productions. A catalogue illustrating some of the charming patterns can be had free of charge.

The lovely buckles in gold and diamonds and other stones produced by the Parisian Diamond Company are incomparable. There is no monotony in their designs, and they are as absolutely different from the common paste of the imitation jewellery-shop as light from darkness; the setting is always the finest possible work, too. Turquoises in their designs are particularly happy. For a blouse for indoor wear in a delicate silk or embroidered muslin or lace, a diamond buckle from the Parisian Diamond Company is a delightful finish, giving an air of distinction to the costume at once. Another way in which one of their buckles adds to the amenities of dress is by centring a loosely knotted bow at the bust, or finishing off the loose tie of a lace fichu. But, indeed, any one of their charming ornaments is a delightful possession, and the stock presents endless possibilities and charms, as may be seen at either 143, Regent Street, 85, Bond Street, or that fine place which they have at the Bond Street end of the Burlington Arcade.

His Majesty the King has not only graciously extended his patronage, but has recently conferred the Royal Warrant of Appointment, upon Messrs. Mappin Brothers (the original firm), 220, Regent Street, W., and 66, Cheapside, E.C., Court Jewellers and Silversmiths. FILOMENA.

GRAND DRAWING-ROOM.—"DAY CHASING NIGHT."
CEILING BY BAUDRY.

The Gem

of the

Champs=

Elysées.

SENSATIONAL EVENT.

THE PAIVA MANSION.

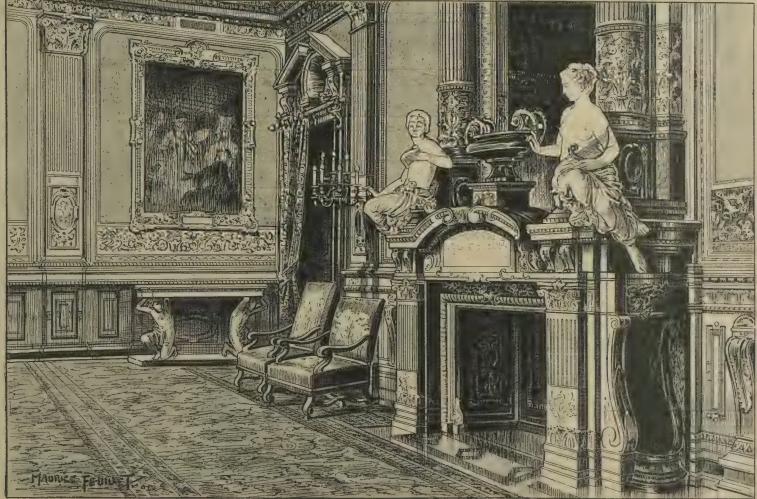
THIS fine residence, situated in the most elegant quarter of Paris, No. 25, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, right in the most beautiful part of that magnificent promenade, that is near the "Rond-Point," will be put on sale on the 19th of March next.

But what makes of this sale quite an event is the fact that besides the marvellous situation of the property, its luxurious installation, and the large area of ground it covers, it is, moreover, a real Museum of masterpieces in painting and sculpture.

The Marchioness of Païva had this residence built in 1864, at the time of her marriage with the Earl Henckel of Donnersmarck; all the celebrities of the Second Empire passed through these sumptuous parlours, surpassing in luxury all that could ever be dreamt of. We are unable to reproduce all the works of art worthy of attention it contains; it would even be impossible to enumerate them all, as we would have to mention every bit of woodwork, furnishings, down to the very door-knobs. Let us be content with referring to the finest of the finest: in the Grand Drawing-Room, besides the ceiling, six covings by Baudry, representing: "Night,"



THE ONYX STAIRCASE.



The Gem
of the
Champs=
Elysées.

GRAND DRAWING-ROOM. MONUMENTAL CHIMNEY BY DELAPIANCHE.

LARGE DINING-ROOM.

"Bathing," "Mid-day," "Le Goûter [Luncheon]," "The Ambush," "Psyche Awaking Cupid"; four historical paintings by Boulanger, Comte, Delaunay, and Levy, representing Catherine I. of Russia, Madame de Maintenon, Diane de Poitiers, Anthony and Cleopatra; the tapestry in the "Griffon" Parlour, specially executed for the Marchioness; in the Playing-Parlour, three mural paintings by Brisset: "The Three Ages of Woman"; in the Music-Parlour, a mural painting by Picon: "Venus Coming Out of the Water"; in the large Dining-Room, in the centre of the ceiling, a reproduction by Dalou of one of Bernard de Palissy's masterpieces: "Diana Lying on a Deer"; in the office, a magnificent sideboard with bronze statuettes and large speckled marble basins. At the top of the onyx staircase, three life-sized marble statues signed by Aubé, Cugniet, Barrias, and representing "Dante," "Virgil," and "Petrarch." The Bath-Room is simply indescribable. The agate, onyx, marble, coming from various sources and of the rarest kinds, and the Deck china, are happily combined together; the bath itself, slightly sunk in the floor, is of solid silver.

All the chimneys are pure wonders; two are of malachite framed with chiselled bronze, supported by silver statues of Carrier Belleuse.

The sale will take place on March 19, 1902, on a starting bid of 1,000,000 francs. Apply to—

Me. DESOUCHES, Solicitor, 53, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris. Mr. KUHNE, Banker, 1, Rue de Brancas, Sèvres, près Paris.



DRESSING-ROOM.—"WOMAN AND CHILD."
SILVERED BRONZE BY CAUGUER BELLEUSE.

MUSIC.

Ash Wednesday, falling this year on Feb. 12, was devoted at the Queen's Hall to a concert arranged by Mr. Newman, consisting chiefly of "Parsifal." The selections were the exquisite Prelude, the Good Friday music, the Flower Maidens' Chorus, Verwandlung music, and closing scene of Act I. Mr Wood conducted, and his orchestra responded to the bâton with a per-fection that is beyond criticism. Special bells were cast for accompanying chimes at the close of Act I. The music is very suitable for the solemnity of the opening day in Lent, and is far more devotional than much of what is termed "religious music." Mr. Ffrangcon Davies was sole vocalist, and sang two sombre. even sinister, songs, one "The Grave-digger's Lament," of Schubert, the other a quaint ballad. "Ein Traum," written by Howard Brockway.



THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL GIVEN BY THE MAYORESS OF PORTSMOUTH ON FEBRUARY 10. The ball, at which the Mayoress, Mrs. W. T. Dupree, received eight hundred little guests, was held in the Town Hall, Portsmouth, and was intended to inaugurate the Coronation festivities. Among the many picturesque groups, not the least interesting was that composed by the eleven children of the host and hostess.

Howard Brockway.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 11, Miss Alice Nielsen made her professional début on the concert platform so far as England is concerned. She has already made a great success in Canada in oratorio-singing, and in America, as over here, in light opera work—notably, "The Fortune-Teller"; and, if rumour speaks true, the concert platform is only to be the stepping-stone to royal opera. Miss Nielsen has a charming method, a beautiful flexible voice of a pure high soprano, and great vitality and power of expression. Her choice great vitality and power of expression. Her choice

of songs was wide and varied, but it was in the lighter works she scored her greatest success. The more ambitious selections were the Jewel Song from ambitious selections were the Jewel Song from "Faust," and "Hear ye, Israel," of Mendelssohn. Mr. Wood's orchestra, conducted by Mr. Landon Ronald, assisted Miss Alice Nielsen in her concert, and produced a new overture of the conductor, entitled "A Winter's Night" It is musical and has never and charm and is Night." It is musical and has power and charm, and is well scored. It should become very popular.
On Saturday afternoon, Feb. 15, the Queen's Hall,

sofaras the cheaper seats were con-cerned, was filled to overflowing. The attractions were the two incomparable artists, M. and Signor Busoni, giving a joint re-cital; and the last item on the pro-gramme, the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven. This was brilliantly performed, and the "divinely beau-tiful" melody, as it has been justly described, of the andante with variations, that is so often mercilessly and relentlessly attacked by bud-ding violinists, was played in a haunt-ingly satisfactory fashion. tenderand beautiful that one grain of exaggerated expression mars it; it needs the artistic restraint of a master such as is M. Ysaye. M. Ysaye played the quaint Suite of Vieuxtemps, Op. 43, and Signor Bu-soni's soli were the Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue of César Franck, and an "Etude en Octaves" of Alkan. On Thursday

Feb. 13, the Strolling Players'

Amateur Orchestral Society gave a ladies'-night concert at the Queen's Hall. The Pastoral Symphony, conducted by Mr. William Shakespeare, was manifestly beyond the power of the orchestra; but it acquitted itself better in three Bavarian dances of Elgar, numbers of a grand choral quite which here here here the street of the choral suite, which have been entirely rewritten for the orchestra alone, and played at this society's concert in last December, to be repeated at this one by special request. Signor Simonetti played delightfully the Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso of Saint-Saëns.—M. I. H.



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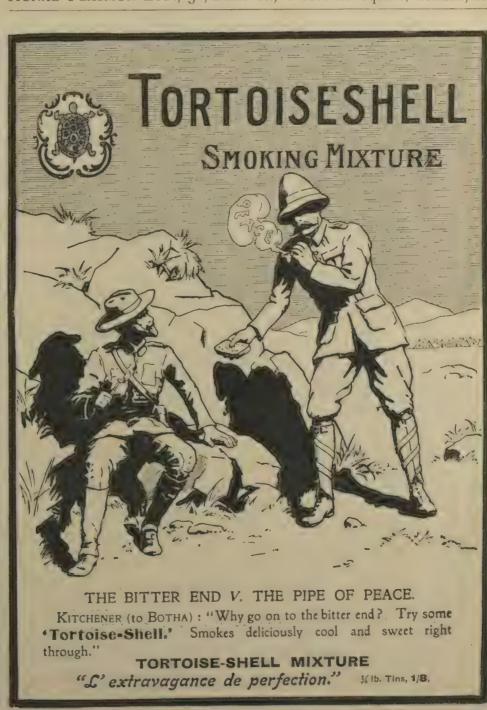
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 9, 1901) of Mr Thomas Frederic Charles Vernon Wentworth, of Wentworth Castle, near Barnsley, and Black Heath, Saxmundham, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on Feb. 11 by Captain Bruce Canning Vernon Wentworth, M.P., and Commander Frederick Charles Ulick Vernon Wentworth, R.N., the sons, and Francis Huntsman, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £,978,224. The testator devises Wentworth Castle and all the property comprising his Yorkshire estates to his ton Bruce Canning in fee simple, but should he have no son, then upon trust, for him for life, with remainder to his brother Frederick Charles Ulick and Black Heath, with the lands and premises known as his Suffolk estates to his son Frederick Charles Ulick and the furniture, pictures, plate, and works of art in the said residences are to devolve as heirlooms, and be held therewith. He bequeaths £5000 to his daughter Mrs. Mary Joan Huntsman; £5000 to his nephew Captain Arthur Wentworth Thellusson; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves between his two sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1899) of Mr. William Hebden, of Throxenby Hall, Scarborough, a partner in the firm of Woodall, Hebden, and Co., now

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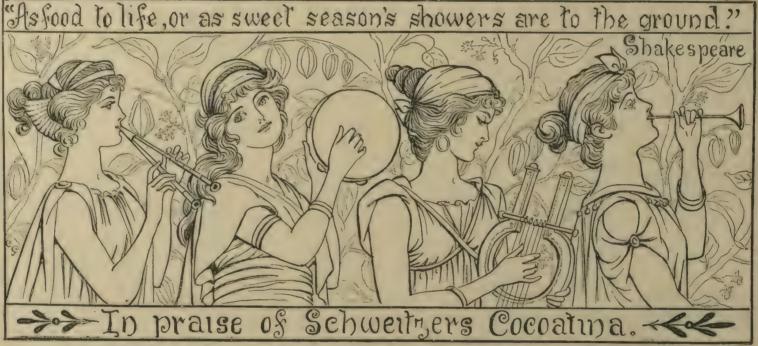
GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN BY THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON ON FEBRUARY 13, 1902.

amalgamated with Barclay and Co., who died on Aug. 17, has been proved in the York District Registry by Henry William Hebden, the son, Charles Henry Dent, and William Noble Blanchard, the counters the replice of the shard, the executors, the value of the real and personal estate being £74,901. The testator gives £,400 per annum, and the use of all his household furniture, and of Dacre House, Scarborough, to his wife, Mrs. Julia Hebden; No. 6, Belvoir Terrace, Scarborough, to his son Henry William; and £100 each to his executors. The residue each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares between his children.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1887) of Mr. John Jennings, J.P., of Thornby Villa, Aikton, near Wigton, and Ratten Row, Coldbeck, Cumberland, who died on Nov. 10, was proved at the Carlisle District Registry on Jan. 17 by Mrs. Sarah Jennings, the widow, and Joseph Jennings. John widow, and Joseph Jennings, John Jennings, and Edward Jennings, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £54,010. The testator gives £500, the income of £20,000, and the use of his residence, Ratten Row, with the furniture and effects therein, to his wife; his share and interest in the Wigton Market Company and the Aspatria Agricultural Co-Operative Company to his son Joseph; certain lands and premises to his four sons, and £21,000, on trust, for his three daughters, Sarah Ann, Mary

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Esther, and Catherine. The residue of his property he leaves to his four sons.

The will (dated Sept. 11, 1899), with a codicil (dated July 8, 1901), of Mr. Thomas Edghill Coles, of The Glen, Enby Hill, Bath, who died on Oct. 19, was proved on Jan. 29 by Mrs. Eliza Helen Coles, the widow, and John Mardon, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £41,168. With the exception of legacies of £100 each to John Mardon and Herbert Bentwich, the testator leaves all his estate and effects to his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 4, 1901) of Mrs. Georgiana Todd, of Eastoridge, Dymchurch, Kent, who died on Jan. 18, was proved on Feb. 12 by George Yeld Wheatley, the grandson, and Henry Thomas Weyman, the executors, the value of the estate being £38,220. The testatrix leaves all her property, upon trust, for her daughter Mrs. Fanny Edwardine Wheatley for life, and then for her children.

for her children.

The will (dated July 16, 1888), with four codicils (dated May 13, 1892, Jan. 15, 1898, and April 17 and May 14, 1001), of Mr. William Beach, of Chelmsford, Essex, who died on Dec. 9, was proved on Feb. 8 by Mrs. Nancy Beach, the widow, Nathaniel Benjamin Beach, the son, and John William Cottee, the executors, the value of the estate being £34,265. The testator gives £200, his household furniture, certain house property at Chelmsford, and the income of £6000, to his wife; other property at Writtle, Chelmsford, and Watford, to his son, his granddaughter Annie Elizabeth Beach, and his

daughters-in-law Eleanor and Elizabeth Beach; and froo to John William Cottee. On the death of Mrs. Beach, he gives £2000 to the children of each of his deceased sons Isaiah George, Josiah David, and Caleb Jessic. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves between his son and his grandson Josiah George.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1898), with four codicils (dated May 19, 1900, and Jan. 15, Aug. 19, and Sept. 11, 1901), of Miss Susanna Caught, of Royal Crescent, Ramsgate, who died on Nov. 5, has been proved by John Clendon and Joseph Henry Pollard, the executors, the value of the estate being £32,880. The testatrix bequeaths the pictures, "The Interior of a Stable," reputed to be by Wouvermans, and a "Winter Scene," by Andreas Vermeulen, to the National Gallery; £100 to the Ramsgate Seamen's Infirmary and General Hospital; £2600, upon trust, to apply the income in the augmentation of the living of the Vicar of St. George's, Ramsgate, and on the death of Emma Nichols, £400 for the like purpose, and £100 to the Seamen's Infirmary; £800, upon trust, to pay the income to four poor deserving men or women, inhabitants of Ramsgate, of sixty years of age and upwards, two to be nominated by the Vicar of St. George's and two by the Mayor; the silver bowl and two pairs of candlesticks presented to her by the King Harman Habitation of the Primrose League to Sir Edward W. Knocker, of Dover; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her cousin, Mrs. Emma Du Maurier, widow of the late George Du Maurier.

The will (dated March 26, 1890), with a codicil (dated Aug. 23, 1893), of Mr. Alexander Mackenzie Bethune, of Otterburn, Hamlet Road, Upper Norwood, who died on Dec. 3, was proved on Feb. 3 by Arthur Anderson Bethune, the son, and Miss Janet Munro Bethune, the daughter, two of the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £23,570. The testator gives £1000 to his daughter, and the residue of his property in equal shares between his four children. Provisions are made for his wife, but it appears that she predeceased him. He directs that the diamonds given to him by the Khedive of Egypt are to be sold.

The will (dated Sept. 5, 1900), with a codicil (dated Feb. 7, 1901), of General Sir Æneas Perkins, K.C.B., of Bolton Street, Piccadilly, who died on Dec. 22, was proved on Jan. 28 by Dame Janetta Wilhelmina Perkins, the widow, Captain Arthur Ernest John Perkins, the son, and Leonard William North Hickley, the executors, the value of the estate being £23,527. The testator gives the policy of insurance on his life, the furniture and household effects, and such a sum as with what she will receive from the Government of India will make up £750 per annum, to his wife; £100 each to his other executors; £100 each to his grandchildren Æneas Frank Quinton Perkins, Joan Perkins, Janetta Winifred Lean, and Marjory Nancy Lean; and annuities to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his children and the issue of any deceased child.

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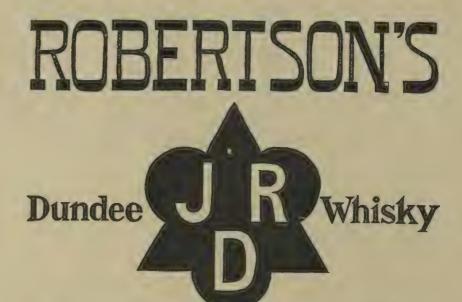
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was in Cambridge on Saturday, and addressed a large gathering of young men at the Union on his favourite theme of Temperance. On Sunday he was back in town addressing the men's meeting at St. John the Divine, Kennington. The Bishop Suffragan of Kensington preached the University sermon at Cambridge on Sunday.

The Bishop of Durham and Mrs. Moule are staying at the Lodge in the Bishop Auckland Park, as the Castle is not yet ready for their reception. Extensive renovations are necessary. Dr. Moule has been visiting Newcastle, and at the annual meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society advocated a return to the Jewish custom of giving tithes. If the principle of the undiminished tenth

prevailed, they would no longer have to make half-despairing appeals to Christian liberality for good works. If the principle were universally adopted, Dr. Moule thought we should enter on a new age of Christian resources.

The Rev. G. S. Cuthbert, the new Warden of Clewer, had been for twenty years closely connected with the work of Canon Carter. In 1873 he became Assistant-Curate of Clewer, two years later was appointed Vicar of Market Drayton, and in 1884 succeeded the Rev. H. W. Hutchings, now Archdeacon of Cleveland, as Sub-Warden of the Clewer House of Mercy.

The influx of Europeans into Central Africa continues so steadily that Bishop Tucker has found it necessary to apply to the Colonial and Continental Church Society for a grant towards a stipend of a Chaplain for the European

residents at Ntebe, the Government station on Victoria Nyanza. The committee of the society has made a grant of £150 a year. A Chaplain is already at work for the white population on the Uganda Railway.

"Ian Maclaren" has been in town every Thursday during February, delivering his lectures at the Royal Institution. The most successful was that on "Leaders of Church Life in Scotland during the Eighteenth Century." Dr. Watson has an extensive knowledge of the memoirs, private diaries, and letters of the period, and he made the figures of the great Moderate divines lifelike to his audience.

An interesting list of Lenten preachers has been published in connection with the Collegiate Church of St. Saviour, Southwark. The names are mostly those

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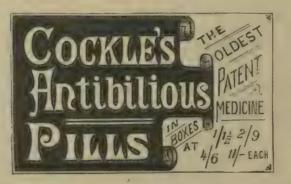
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A generous citizen of Wellington, New Zealand, has offered, through the Bishop, to erect a church and institute at that port exclusively for the use of seafaring men if a suitable site can be obtained. It is surprising to find that the cost of the site would be £3500. The sailors at the port used to meet in a room on the wharf

lent by the Harbour Board, but this is no longer available, and the men have had to migrate to the Art Gallery.

Among the many short services which have been arranged for the week-day evenings in Lent, one of the most attractive is the course at Gray's Inn Chapel on Fridays. The preachers will include Canons Henson, Newbolt, and C. J. Thompson.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer has been visiting St. Petersburg, where he delivered a series of addresses in the American church. By the English-speaking community in general his visit was much appreciated. Mr. Meyer's in general his visit was much appreciated. Mr. Meyer's congregation are at present in some anxiety with regard to his successor. The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Brighton,

has declined the call, and no other name has been mentioned in connection with the vacancy

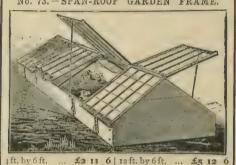
Dr. Mackennal began a series of Nonconformist addresses in Eccles Parish Church on Feb. 16. The lecture, which was delivered at the close of the evening service, dealt with the Congregational movement. The whole position and origin of the denomination was discussed, and Dr. Mackennal described the Congregationalist conception of Church fellowship as the attitude of a large Catholicity. He believed that the Catholicity of the future would recognise the essential truths for which all communities contended, and the essential basis of brotherhood underlying all. It would rejoice in everything that made for the greatest living fellowship. V.



CONSERVATORIES DESIGNED TO SUIT ANY SITUATION.



No. 73. - SPAN-ROOF GARDEN FRAME.



No. 75.-MELON AND CUCUMBER FRAME.

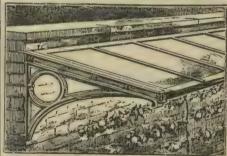


ft. by 6 ft. ... £1 17 0 | 12 ft. by 6 ft.

No. 77.—VIOLET FRAME.
6 ft. by 4 ft., similar to No. 75, with
Two Lights

31s. 6d.

No. 65. WALL FRUIT-TREE PROTECTOR.



No. 05a.—A Cheaper Form, 24ft. by 2ft., £2 4s., including Glass and Clips for Fixing.

CARRIAGE PAID on Orders of 40s. value to most Good Stations in England.

Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles.

HAIR DYE

TRELOAR'S CLEARANCE LIST CARPETS, AT REDUCED PRICES.

NOTICE.

This Clearance List, which will be sent post free on application, contains particulars of Special Carpets, which are offered at greatly reduced prices at the end of the season. The large and increasing trade which TRELOAR & SONS do in all Floor Coverings renders it necessary to clear out yearly all remnants, old patterns, &c., &c., of every description of Carpet, in order to make room for the New Season's Goods. Of course, the List is only a temporary one—that is to say, the Carpets are offered only upon the condition that they are still in stock, and unsold. They cannot be repeated at the prices given in the Clearance List.

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Telegraphic Address: TRELOAR, London. Telephone Number: 5044 Bank. Established 1832.

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I consider the Electrical Engineer Distilled no

gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our correspondence system. Write for our Free Illustrate Book, "Can I Become an Electrical Engineer?" Remember, a letter to United States requires 2½d. postage. Electrica Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, Dept. 61, 240-2, West 23rd St., New York, U.S.A.



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s. od. and 4s. 6d. per Box, of all Chemists; or from the Proprie the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any country within the Pos

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SECURES COMFORTABLE TEETH

BENGER'S FOOD is not a malted Food, and it does not contain dried milk, which is a very poor substitute for fresh. It is mixed with fresh new milk when used, is dainty and delicious, highly nutritive, and most easily digested. Infants thrive on it, and delicate or aged persons enjoy it.



"Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

The British Medical Journal says:

"Benger's Food has by its excellence

established a reputation of its own.'

The Illu tra:ed Medical News says:

"Infants do remarkably well on it. This certainly a great future before it." SOLD BY CHEMISTS, &c., EYERY MHERE.

INFLUENZA OR BOVRIL? WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?



How the British Empire spells Bovril

A few of the names are filled in on this map. Different names will be found in other advertisements. The complete list will be published later on, both in newspaper announcements and in the maps on the hoardings.

How many parts can you name?

NOTE.—The shapes are correct, but the sizes are not in proportion. Each number indicates a separate part of the Empire.



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AT

GROCERY, STORE, CLUB, HOTEL, OR RESTAURANT.

It is the mellow, delicate sauce known to epicures for more than a century as

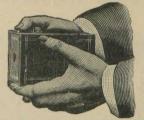
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Harvey Sauce made from the original
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Sauce" in red across label is the
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THE GENUINE HARVEY'S SAUCE IS NOW KNOWN AS "LAZENBY'S SAUCE."





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LONDON, E.C.

Relatt Brancher—60, Cheapside, E.C.; 113, Oxford St., W.; 171-172, Regent St., W.; 59, Brompton Rd., W.; 40, Strand, W.C.; also at 66, Bold St., Liverpool; and 72-74, Birchang St., Clascows.

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS DRINK AND DRUG HABITS

l'estimonials received from officials of London Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, Write in confidence or call—The Medical Super-ntendent, "TACQUARU" CO., 45, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.



SEND FOR FREE LIST OF CASES 4/6 Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Encore" on Shank.

IVORY, 6s. 6d. BLACK, 4s. 6d.

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Please beware of inferior imitations of Cash's Frillings. If any difficulty is experienced in procuring any of our Frillings, please communicate with us direct.



LADY'S CACHÉ CORSET ("B"), trimmed with Cash's Duchess of York Frilling and White Insertion.

The trimming required for above garment is packed in a small box, and a Paper Pattern of it is also enclosed. This box can be obtained through your Draper, who will also give you information about Prices.

New Illustrated Pattern Book, containing Woven Samples of Material, free by post on application to

J. & J. CASH, LTD., COVENTRY.



PRICES REDUCED. Works: COVENTRY.

Guttapercha, Canvas, and Balata.

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As an article of practical utility indispensable to manu-

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SPECIAL FEATURES:

Great Durability. Enormous Driving Strength. Perfect Steadiness and Smoothness in Working. Entire Absence of Stretching or Slipping.

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Combines scientific simplicity with the highest efficiency and absolute safety.

efficiency and absolute safety.

For the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Colds, Catarrh, Congestions, Kidney, Liver, Skin and Blood Diseases, Obesity and Stomach troubles, no other treatment is so effective. There is hardly a disease that can resist the power of heat. It opens the pores, removes the poisonous impurities, cures chronic diseases, prevents sickness, promotes circulation, clears the complexion, ensures perfect cleanliness and improves the general health. It is the only Cabinet with which the heater is used OUTSIDE, and is therefore the one

ABSOLUTELY SAFE

Cabinet with which Ladies and Gentlemen can enjoy privately at home the delights and benefits of either hot air, vapor, medicated or perfumed baths. No assistant is required. It can be used in any room, and folds into a small compact space when not in use. Send for Catalogue No. 2. Post free.

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is strongly recommended at every season of the year as a **Drink Cure at Kome** against **Diseases** of the **BLADDER** and **KIDNEYS**.

1.118,603 Bottles were sold during 1900. Pamphlets Free

FÜRSTLICHE WILDUNGER MINERAL QUELLEN, A.G., AT BAD WILDUNGEN, GERMANY.
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In every advertisement of Borax Extract of Soap for years past has appeared a facsimile of the original and only genuine packet.

and only genuine packet.

Our purpose has been to familiarise you with the appearance of the packet, and safeguard you against the imitations that are sometimes met with—imitations which are put up by those who, incited by greed of its success, endeavour to nibble a portion of the trade on the reputation and guarantee of quality the title Borax Extract of Soap implies.

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It is the best washing powder money can buy, and is put up in packets printed like facsimile shown here.



Don't have any substitute or imitation foisted upon you. Disappointment will inevitably result if you accept

Borax Extract of Soap is sold in 4-lb. packets—same price as the other kinds—by Grocers and Oilmen everywhere.

Write to-day for free trial sample, naming I.L.N.



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ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU, "there is no bether Cough Medicine."—One gives relief: If you suffer from cough try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; an increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 193d. tins.



or with B.-A. Locks, from 10 guineas.

THIS Gun, wherever shown, has always taken

THE KING AT NIAGARA SKATING RINK, FEBRUARY 13. DRAWN BY RAIPH CLEAVER.

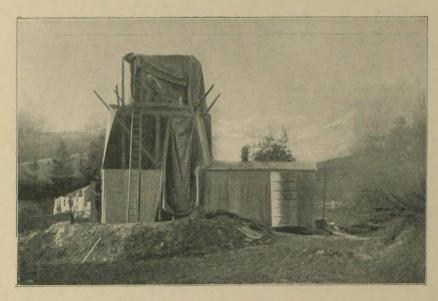


HIS MAJESTY, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, AND THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES WATCHING THE "PAIRS" COMPETITION.



THE PROLONGED FROST: A LONDON SKATING POND.

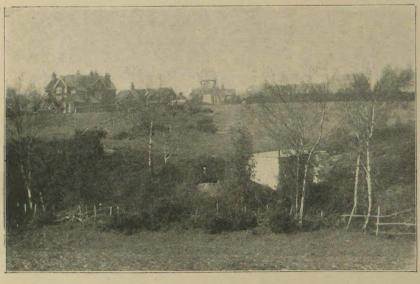
DRAWN BY LOTTER DAVIS, R.I.



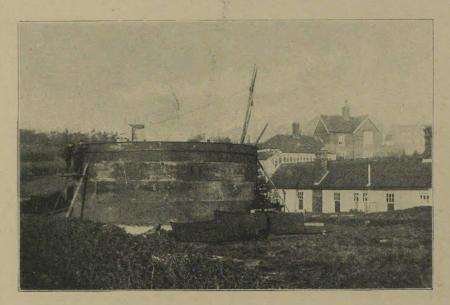
BORE-HOLE OPPOSITE HFATHFIELD STATION.



BORE-HOLE NEAR THE RAILWAY HOTEL.



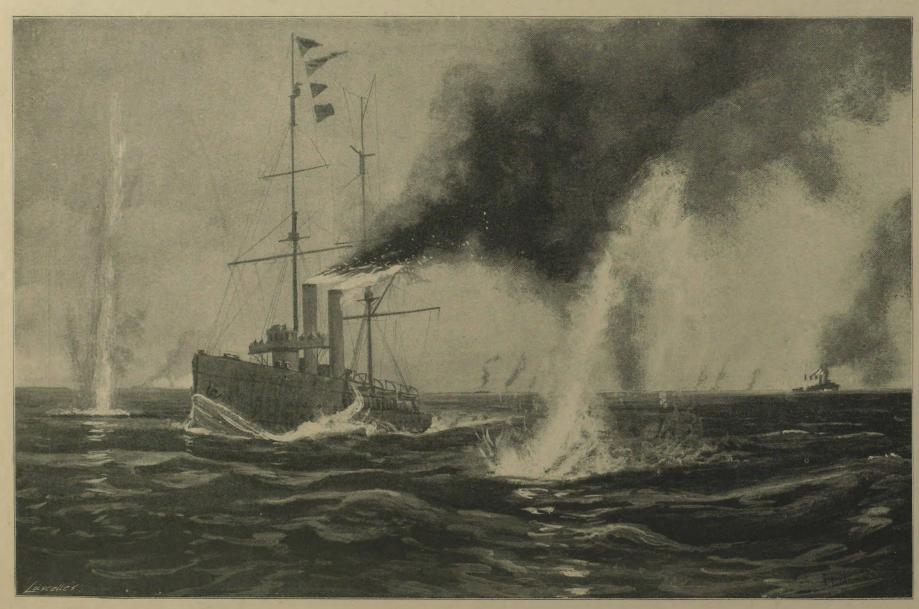
BORING IN A VALLEY.



BUILDING A GAS-HOLDER FOR NATURAL GAS AT HEATHFIELD STATION.

PROSPECTING FOR PETROLEUM IN SUSSEX.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. COSTER.



A NEW TYPE OF WAR-SHIP: ONE OF THE PROJECTED SCOUTS, AND HER DUTY IN THE NEXT NAVAL WAR DRAWN BY F. T. JANE.

The Naval Estimates provide for four of these vessels, which will possibly vary slightly in design; but the general features are already laid down: speed-form hulls, inconspicuous colour, immense engine power, and very high masts for signalling at extreme distances. In war time a scout, having found a fleet, will have to press home the reconnaissance in order to ascertain the hostile units, signalling her news by wireless telegraphy to distant supporting cruisers. The Illustration represents a scout which, having fully reconnoitred the enemy's fleet, is running the gauntlet of a hostile cruiser's fire,